

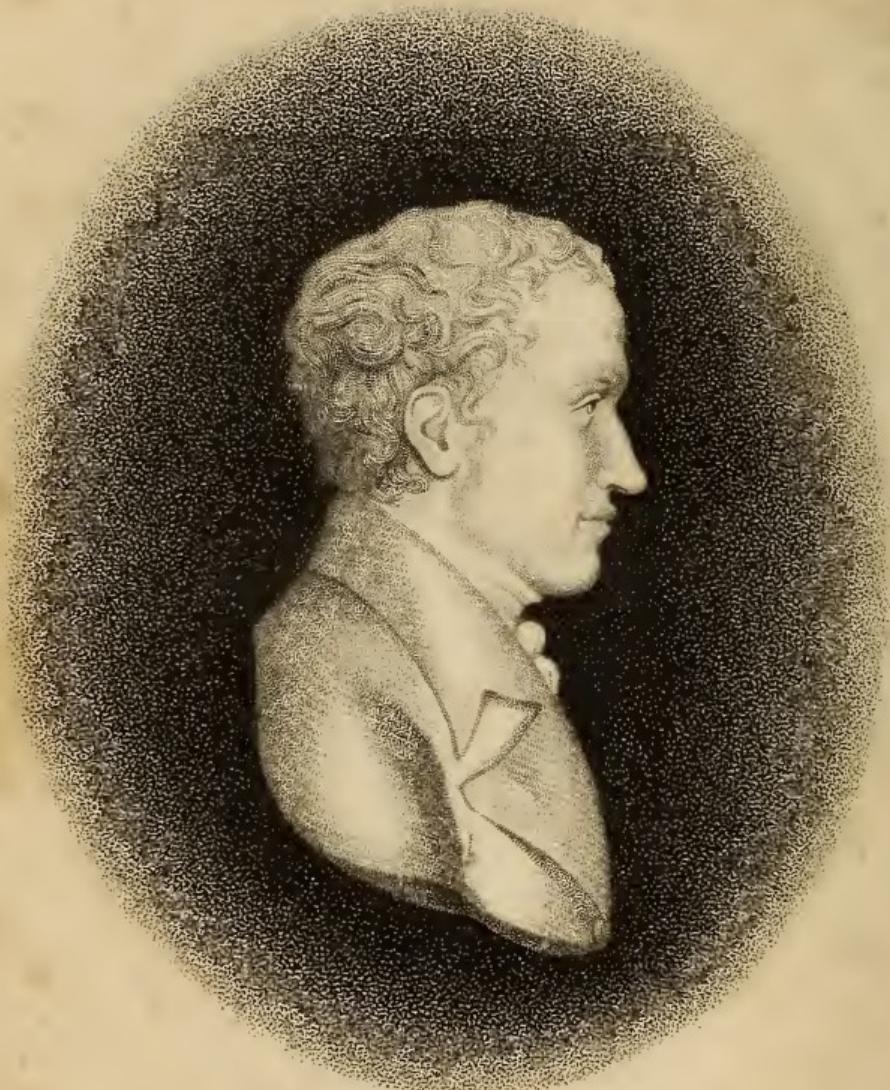
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LETTERS,
POEMS,
AND
MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS,
OF THE LATE
JAMES TYSON.



H. Meyer sc.

James Tyssen

OBT JULY 12. 1820.

LETTERS,
POEMS,
AND
MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS,
OF THE LATE
JAMES TYSON;
WITH
A brief Memoir of his Life.

LONDON:
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MEMOIR.

WHEN death deprives us of an endeared friend, the course and tenor of whose life has been such as to give good promise, that the awful change which has taken place has but removed him from a world of sorrow and uncertainty to one of perfect and unchanging felicity, there is a mournful satisfaction, almost amounting to delight, in recollecting all that he said, and thought, and did;—in re-perusing the volume of his life;—in re-treading the path of his pilgrimage. But if that friend possessed all the most endearing qualities of the heart, united with genius, imagination, cultivation, and taste, which made him the delight and ornament of the circle in which he moved, it cannot but afford additional satisfaction to those who enjoyed the closest intimacy with him, to give to those who loved him a short history of his brief life—a general outline of his character; and by unveiling some parts of it

which could not be generally known, but which exhibit traits of the most exalted tendency, to preserve the recollection of his virtues—extend the influence of his example—and build up in the hearts of his many friends an altar to his memory, whereon continual sacrifice will be offered. Such is now my occupation.

James Tyson, the author of the following pages, was born in the borough of Southwark, on the twenty-ninth day of August, in the year 1797, of parents whose respectable situation in life was favorable for allowing him those advantages of study and intellectual improvement, which tended not only to endear him to the circle of his immediate acquaintance, but to render him capable of becoming an ornament to the country that gave him birth. He was the elder of two children, the younger of whom died in infancy, and on the death of his father, which took place within about a year after the birth of James, the care of his education became solely entrusted to one of the most affectionate of mothers, whose pride was to watch over the growth of his infant mind, and to engraft in it those seeds of virtue and dignity which became in time the settled principles of his life.

When James was in his seventh year, his mother married a second husband, a gentleman

engaged in commercial pursuits, but who also possessed a taste for literature and the fine arts, and in whom good sense and good feeling combined to induce a cordial co-operation with his mother in affording to James that kind of education, and those facilities for study and improvement, which his peculiar circumstances pointed out as most desirable. He was never sent to any school, but when old enough to derive advantage from the care of such a man, he was placed under the private tuition of the Rev. J. B. Saunders, the venerable and respected curate of St. Augustin, in London, by whom he was instructed in classical literature, and who always expressed great admiration of his talents, as well as of the nobler qualites of his heart.

His first attempts at composition were made at a very early age, and even then, although entwined with the weakness and inexperience of the child, shewed the dawning of a mind destined not to crawl in the common dust of ordinary mortals, but to mount and soar into the higher regions of intellectual greatness. Fond of reading, he felt, at a very early period, anxious to emulate the fame of those authors whose works he admired, and this feeling, continually fed and encouraged by a life of comparative solitude, and an entire averseness to the more busy and

active pursuits of man, became at length almost a passion ; he was ambitious of obtaining a name in the literary annals of his country—of being ranked amongst the great and good of his day, and this object never faded from his view.

Young as he was, he felt too, even at this time, a great and growing interest in the civil and political affairs of his country, and a patriotic jealousy of the encroachments of power : always alive to the interesting events which were then passing on the great theatre of the world, he read the newspapers of the day with avidity, and commented on their contents with freedom and acuteness. It was at this time he first availed himself of their columns, by addressing a letter to the editor of the Morning Chronicle, upon the infringement of a public right, in shutting the gates of the Tower at an unreasonably early hour. Contrary to his expectations the letter made its appearance, and was successful in producing the desired effect : the doors were again opened and the old regulations restored. This little circumstance was a source of double gratification to him, for it was the first time that he had seen himself in print, a very natural source of delight to his ardent and ambitious mind, and it also proved to him that he was capable of thinking for himself, a privilege of which he deter-

mined thenceforth to avail himself. After this he frequently inserted letters in the newspapers, on subjects of local or temporary interest which excited his attention; and he also employed himself, by way of relaxation from severer studies, in writing light essays upon various subjects, and critiques upon the several authors, ancient and modern, whose works he read: and the applause which these productions never failed to obtain from those on whose judgments he was accustomed to rely, gave, of course, great zest and stimulus to his rising spirit. He was now about fifteen, and in the following year (1813), when not quite sixteen, he published a clever little pamphlet, entitled, "A brief Historical View of the Causes of the Decline of the Commerce of Nations," which was favorably noticed by some of the reviews of the day: whilst it must be admitted that the youth and inexperience of the writer are often visible, it is no less certain that it evinced great industry and research, and well deserved the commendation it received.

About this period it was that his father-in-law deemed it advisable to give him occasional employment in his counting-house, rather perhaps with the view of exciting his mind to the observation of the real business of active life, than with any decided intention of making a commercial

pursuit a permanent object. For some months he fulfilled the duties of his new situation without murmuring, although at no time congenial with his feelings; but at length it became so irksome to him that he resolved to give it up: it was impossible that a mind like his, so bounding and elastic, so full of aspiration and glorious ambition, should long consent to be shackled down to the dull monotony of the counting-house: he felt that there were nobler occupations for the human mind than could be found in the systematic routine of the day-book and ledger. Fully convinced that the employment in which he was engaged was by no means suited to the texture of his mind, he resolved to make an earnest appeal to the judgment of his friends: he accordingly addressed to his father-in-law the following petition, which obtained for him complete emancipation.

TO

HENRY VINT, ESQ.

THE HUMBLE PETITION AND REPRESENTATION OF
JAMES TYSON, OF KING STREET, CHEAPSIDE,

MOST RESPECTFULLY SHEWETH,

THAT your petitioner, from the 15th day of February, 1813, has been employed in your counting-house, and has thereby been prevented

from pursuing those studies for which he has a natural inclination; that your petitioner has not consequently made that progress which might otherwise reasonably have been expected from him: that your petitioner is anxious to repair the loss occasioned by such employment, and to return to his literary occupations; and your petitioner finding it incompatible with the duties of his present situation, most humbly intreats to be relieved therefrom, for the above-named reason, and others which he will presently set forth: that your petitioner having no ultimate views upon trade, his longer continuance in the counting-house, cannot be of any advantage to himself, and he further contends that *your* service will sustain no loss by his removal. That your petitioner has no other object besides that of obtaining the uninterrupted leisure which is so requisite for the completion of his studies. That your petitioner has been for a long time afflicted with a grievous and obstinate disorder commonly known by the name of the *cacæthes scribendi*, which has hitherto baffled medical aid, and which is only to be removed by leisure and exercise: farther, that your petitioner has unfortunately fallen desperately in love with a young lady of great beauty, (at least in his eyes) being no other than the Lady Thalia-Melpomene-Bombastina-

Dramatica, of Covent-Garden, and that unless you will be graciously pleased to grant the prayer of his petition, he cannot possibly pay her due and proper attention. Under these circumstances, your petitioner confidently hopes you will take his case into your most serious consideration, and if his request be complied with, (which he does not doubt) that you will be pleased to make the necessary arrangements as early as you conveniently can; because, as he trusts he may say, without incurring the imputation of vanity, that the Lady Thalia-Melpomene-Bombastina-Dramatica has given him some reason to expect, she may be inclined to honour him with her hand about the month of September next ensuing, he will require the intervening time to draw up the marriage settlements, and make sundry other necessary preparations for so great an event; all which your petitioner submits with the greatest respect. And your petitioner, as in duty bound, will ever pray, &c. &c.

JAMES TYSON.

Dated this 26th day of
April, 1815.

Being thus released from an occupation which had materially interfered with his literary pursuits, he returned with renewed ardor and zeal to his favorite studies. Poetry and the drama

were now his chief delight, and to these he devoted himself with increased energy: an early and intimate acquaintance with the leading poets of his native country, and an especial veneration of the immortal Shakspeare, tended to give to his mind that fixed and settled habit of feeling and reflection which accompanied him in all things, and which enabled him to look on all things with the eye, and to muse on them with the “breathing spirit” of a true and genuine poet. In the year 1815 he wrote his tragedy of Leoni, which was offered to one of the leading theatres but not accepted. It was in the early part of this year that the writer of this memoir was first introduced to him; and thus was laid the foundation of a friendship which gradually acquired strength as the character of each became unfolded to the other, until at length it issued in an union of hearts, more binding than the ties of blood,—in a communion of thought and feeling, and an undoubting confidence and reliance, each on each, which death alone had power to destroy. As their intimacy increased it was natural that the serious subjects of religion and a future state should sometimes be discussed by them, and it was in reference to a conversation of this nature that the first letter in the following collection was written, wherein he avows his belief not only in

the general doctrines of the gospel, but also in the peculiar and delightful, though disputed one, of the re-union and mutual recognition of friends in a future state.

In January, 1816, he commenced the very useful practice of keeping a regular diary, in a small volume (published by Taylor and Hessey, of Fleet Street,) for that purpose, under the title of the “Student’s Journal,” which he afterwards continued in another similar volume, published by the same parties, as the “Private Diary,” preferring the latter on account of its bearing a more modest and unassuming designation: this diary he continued regularly until within a few days of his decease, making at the close of each year a review of the time that had elapsed and the manner of its occupation, and fearlessly and impartially recording a verdict in favor or in condemnation of his conduct, as such review demanded. By the extracts which will be given from this diary, the reader will be enabled to see more of the real internal character of the man than could be unfolded to him in any other way; and these, with the addition of his letters, especially those to his friend George, almost render any comment upon it unnecessary. In conformity with the object which he had proposed to himself of writing for the stage, his reading during this year

was principally confined to the drama and works likely to afford him subjects for dramatic composition, of which he was in continual search.

He was sensible, however, that he was not making the best use of his time, and frequently notices this with regret: the following extract from his diary will afford a specimen both of his concise mode of journalizing, and of his attention to his conduct and the manner of passing his time:—“ Friday, 2d Feb. Morning—spent in wondering at and reprobating my own idleness. Evening—read the New Monthly Magazine for this month—once more resolved to be industrious.”

In August he went with his parents to Paris, by way of Brighton and Dieppe, returning by St. Omer and Calais to Dover. This journey afforded him much pleasure, and greatly contributed to the enlargement of his mind and his general stock of information; it was the first time he had ever been twenty miles from London, and every thing was new to him—every change of scene was hailed with new wonder and delight. It was on his return from this excursion that he was introduced to his friend George, to whom so many of the following letters are addressed, and with whom he soon became united in bonds of the strictest intimacy and the most endearing

friendship—a friendship which knew no interruption until dissolved by the resistless hand of death. It was within a fortnight after this introduction that his first letter* to him was written, which may be referred to as affording a happy illustration of that honesty and candor which were peculiar characteristics of his noble mind; he bestows upon the verses which had been submitted to his perusal, such commendation as he thought they deserved, but at the same time freely and frankly points out their defects; and in the conclusion of the letter rejects some high-wrought expressions of praise, which the enthusiastic feelings of his new friend had applied to one of his own tragedies, but which he felt to be undeserved, and gives him a delicate hint that flattery was alike unworthy of them both.

I will here extract from his diary, because they occur about the same period of time, some observations which shew the independence of his mind, and how much he was accustomed to think for himself, and to form his own judgment of men and things, as well as the honesty with which he records such judgments, even when opposed to received opinions, and what he considered as

* See page 6.

high authorities :—“ September 20—Read Ben Jonson’s Every Man in his Humour, which I must confess (though with trepidation) I do not admire.”

“ Sept. 22—Looked over the Drury Lane Monody on the Death of Sheridan, attributed to Lord Byron—I am inclined to think correctly—at the same time it is certainly inferior to his usual style; it is spun out, and flags in many places.”

“ Sept. 24—Read the Tempest as *perverted* from Shakspeare, by Dryden, Davenant, and Kemble, for which they all deserve to be indicted for high treason against the bard: it is, indeed, pitiable to read.”

Before giving the retrospect of this year, it will be proper to notice the philosophic equanimity of mind which even at this early period he laboured to possess, and the manner in which he endeavoured to fortify himself against the possible reverses and trials he might have to encounter. He was little more than eighteen years of age when he completed his tragedy of Leoni, an event of no small importance to him at that time: this he records in the following terms:—“ I have this day entirely finished my tragedy, and have computed that the time employed in writing, revising, and transcribing it, has been three months, which I think is tolerably

rapid. I have now only to hope for its success, and I flatter myself I possess sufficient philosophy to be able to endure a failure with reasonable composure: this remark may be of use when the bolt falls. Horace may also be of some service—

*“Æquam memento rebus in arduis
Servare mentem, non secùs in bonis
Ab insolenti temperatam
Lætitiâ.”*

And it was of use—for when, six months afterwards, the tragedy was returned from Covent-Garden Theatre, the circumstance was simply noticed thus:—“The proprietors of C.G. T. returned Leoni—*well, well, no matter.*” And when subsequently his tragedy of Rufinus met a similar fate at Drury-Lane, the event is recorded in similar terms:—“Rufinus returned from D. L. T. *Quis timet?*”—And so little was his serenity disturbed by the circumstance, that he went there the same evening to witness Kean’s performance of Sir Edward Mortimer; and the very next morning found him busily employed in forming the plot of a new drama.

I now come to the excellent observations with which he closes the year 1816, which fully evince how much his own heart and character were the objects of his care, and the subjects of his meditation—but they need no comment from my

pen—they speak a language not to be misunderstood.

THE RETROSPECT, 1816.

“ How useful is retrospection! how seldom performed! and how seldom faithfully! But convinced as I am of its utility, let me offer at the shrine of truth a faithful account of my thoughts, reading, and actions, and may I be enabled to peruse it in after years with satisfaction and gratitude.

“ To commence with my reading,—I own I can in nowise congratulate myself in this particular. On reference to the preceding enumeration, I perceive a heterogeneous mass of plays, poetry, and novels—all, what is usually termed light reading: very few of a graver cast; a few letters, travels, and biographies occasionally. Paley’s Evidences is the most serious work of the whole year; I must regret that it stands there alone. The plays are consonant with the profession I have adopted, and so far I am excused. But there are many works among this ‘light reading’ to which I shall always look back with pleasure; for example, Discipline as a novel, and the third canto of Childe Harold as a poem. The latter is pre-eminent—nay, it is instructive, and calculated to elevate the soul beyond the follies of the world.

“ There certainly is little in this catalogue of literature (alluding to a list of upwards of seventy works perused during the year) that is solid or important, and I have only to conclude this portion of the retrospect, with a resolution to amend the error in the time before me.

“ I come now to thought and action—and here I shall venture to assert my belief that an improvement *has* taken place. I feel a higher sense of duty to God, and of the dignity of man. I am less inclined to dissipation than formerly; I have looked beyond the mists in which the worldly-minded enshroud themselves; I can despise their extenuations and expose their fallacies. Virtue grows more beautiful and vice more haggard. But I have to guard against the incursions of pride and vanity. Thus far of virtues theoretical; now for virtues practical:—I am removed from temptation; restrained in action; and indecisive in spirit. What then have I to boast of? Nothing! That I am not more vicious is no merit of mine; that I am not more virtuous is my own fault: the leaf is a blank !!

“ This freedom from temptation is a blessing; for hence conscience performs its functions freely, unimpaired by vice become habitual; not distempered by the poison of its breath, or deranged by its infatuations; consequently it is ever ac-

tive :—may it continue thus, for it is sin's worst enemy.

“To descend to minor points, and survey the whole, I contemplate the past with satisfaction ; my ideas have been enlarged by the journey to France ; I have derived real pleasure and benefit from my intercourse with society ; the ties of friendship have been drawn closer ; my prospects are cheered by hope, and my ardor is unabated : my soul has received new impulses—has been revived and illumined ; the dark shades that hung round it are gradually dispersing ; and I hope in future to be more virtuous, and more—

“ But man is frail——”

Heaven shower its aid upon me !

“ J. T.”

About the close of this year he was much annoyed by continual head-aches, which at length terminated in an attack of the measles ; this illness for some time wore an alarming aspect, and left a weakness and tenderness upon his lungs which it is probable was never completely removed. The necessity of secluding himself from society, and at the same time giving up every thing like study, was a source of no little discomfort to him ; but early in the year 1817 he was enabled to resume his usual occupations, although with some restriction. His mind was now a good deal devoted to the consideration of

serious subjects, upon which the writer of the present memoir had frequent conversations with him: he was especially anxious to obtain fixed and settled opinions upon the important doctrine of the Trinity, and read several works upon the subject with that view; amongst others, a small tract by the Rev. J. Hawkins, and a larger work by Dr. Samuel Clarke, both of which are noticed in his diary; the former, in the following words:—
“ Read a small tract on the Trinity, by J. Hawkins, a well written and impartial treatise, which tended considerably to arrange my ideas on the subject.”

In the autumn of this year he was engaged, in connection with his friend Mr. Thomas Serle, in forming the plan of a literary society, a slight sketch of which will be found in one of his letters at page 13; the objects contemplated by the founders were the cultivation of the art of public speaking, and the publication, periodically, of a volume of original essays, critiques, poems, &c. to be furnished by the several members. They completely succeeded in establishing a very respectable society, but it was found expedient to give up the intended publication and confine their object to the discussion of literary, moral, and political subjects. In the formation of this society, James displayed that zeal and energy which were conspicuous traits in his character;

he was regular and punctual in his attendance at the weekly meetings, and seldom failed to take part in the debate. He was not an eloquent debater, but he uniformly evinced such a knowledge of the matter under discussion, exhibited such clear and correct views of his subjects, and enforced them with so much earnestness, that he was always a most welcome speaker, and was listened to with marked attention. He was, indeed, a universal favorite with the members of the society, even with those who had least personal intercourse with him.

Of the works read during this year Madame de Staél's *Germany* afforded him the highest delight; with Blackstone's *Commentaries* he was also much pleased, feeling that he had thence derived a considerable insight into the general system of our jurisprudence, and an increased acquaintance with the laws of his country: it must have been an irksome task to any one not studying the law as a profession, to read through the whole of such a work, but this he accomplished, and often afterwards congratulated himself upon having done so. The obligations he was under to both these writers, as well as to Dugald Stewart and Dr. Samuel Clarke, are very properly noticed in the retrospect of the year, which it may be as well here to introduce.

THE RETROSPECT, 1817.

“ The close of another year brings me to my task again,—a task which must ever impress a feeling of humiliation on the mind, while it presents us with the striking fact, that ‘we have done those things which we ought not to have done, and left undone those things which we ought to have done.’

“ I have been referring to the retrospect of last year with mingled sensations, though I am disposed to believe that another year has not passed over without some improvement:—that it has not been greater, I reflect with sorrow.

“ In my course of reading an evident improvement must be acknowledged, and notwithstanding the majority of books read still consist of light works, there are several others of a very different description. I am under great obligations to Blackstone’s Commentaries, Madame de Staél’s Germany; to Dugald Stewart especially for opening a new field of speculation, which I find has been of the most essential service to me; and to Dr. Clarke’s work on the Trinity, which has been the means, in a great measure, of settling my ideas upon this important subject: but I speak diffidently and reverently, and I pray

for the assistance of the Eternal, to correct my errors, and lead me in the way of truth.

“ I must own that the promise made last year has been very inadequately performed ; that there is still much to be done in the improvement of my mind and the direction of its studies, and I hope to record on the next occasion, that greater advances have been made towards this object. The establishment of a literary society will, I think, be of essential service to me in various ways, as I trust experience will make manifest.

“ In the moral and internal retrospect, I am afraid much will be found wanting ; but I may console myself in the belief that I have not retrograded—that the improved tone of mental feeling has been supported and promises to continue,—and here let me acknowledge how much I owe to the friends who surround me, and especially to *One* who has given rise to a better and more composed state of mind—who has turned my thoughts to the most delightful speculations, and who has most materially contributed to render this year the happiest of my life ! May the charm that has worked this long continue ! may it never be broken, till it rises in a new form whose duration shall be eternal.

“ I think I have less to do with *hope* than heretofore. I cannot but remark that since the

last year nothing has been done towards the accomplishment of the temporal gratifications that I have sought to obtain. I am precisely in the same situation as then, and with no immediate probability of success in any of the projects that I had conceived. I do not repine,—I hope I never shall while so many actual blessings surround me; but it excites reflection while it inculcates patience and the necessity of continued exertion.

“ Now let me close my review, with a grateful recollection of the past, and a reviving hope of the future, which, with a reliance upon the wisdom and mercy of the Eternal Spirit, I trust will never desert me.

“ JAMES TYSON.”

January 3, 1818.

In the early part of the following year (1818) he projected, in connection with one of his friends, the joint founder of the Athenæum, a weekly publication under the title of the Alchemist, for which he wrote a few papers, and one or two of them will be found at the end of the present volume; in consequence, however, of some similar work appearing, before their plan was properly digested, the field was considered to be pre-occupied, and they were advised to give it up.

Very soon after this he was introduced to the proprietor of a weekly paper, the National Register, of which he undertook the editorship as matter of experiment: this afforded him a regular occupation for eight or nine weeks, during which time he held it with entire satisfaction to the publisher, who much pressed him to continue; but finding that it completely engrossed his time, without being at all likely to become a profitable employment, he resigned the undertaking, and took his leave in the lines which will be found at page 170. He was now for a short time completely disengaged, but his mind was too ardent and active to allow him long to remain so. He was anxious to acquire and maintain a reputation as a writer which should hand down his name with honor to posterity. The ill-success which had attended his various efforts at dramatic composition, none of his pieces having been accepted at the theatres, seemed to point out that the course which he had adopted was not the one likely to effect the object he had at heart; and his conviction of this is feelingly acknowledged at the close of the last retrospect.

He had always a fondness for historical research, as the pamphlet published when he was only fifteen, and which has been already noticed, would sufficiently evince. This taste, which had

lain dormant for some time, now returned in all its pristine vigor, and in gratification of it he formed the plan of an historical work which all must regret that he did not live to finish, because in its progress he has displayed powers which would have given him a rank among historians, perhaps not inferior to Hume or Gibbon. This was intended to be a History of Civil Government from its earliest origin to the present day; dividing it into two parts, ancient and modern. In the former, tracing it from the natural authority of our first parents to heads of families and leaders of tribes, until it displayed itself in the formation of distinct kingdoms. Then shewing the rise, progress, and decay of the various ancient governments, and briefly pointing out the causes which had produced such mighty changes. In the second and most important part, he proposed to give a clear but succinct account of the present form of government, and existing institutions, of every state and country now known as possessing political existence; tracing them through the various changes and revolutions they have severally undergone, and closing the whole with a recapitulation of the important moral and political reflections which such a survey is calculated to awaken.

Such was the design he had formed to him-

self, and its execution, so far as he had proceeded in it, was worthy of the design. It requires but little consideration to perceive that great zeal, industry, and research were called for; an extensive knowledge of standard works of reference; skill in the selection of his materials; an aptitude to seize the leading and prominent features in each case; and the power of condensing and compressing voluminous matter into few words, in such a manner as to convey clear, and, at the same time, correct impressions to the mind of his reader. It was intended that the work should form two volumes, of which James had nearly finished the first; and it will be acknowledged by all who may peruse it, that he possessed, in no ordinary measure, the qualifications requisite for the task which he had undertaken.

When he had sufficiently matured the plan of the work, he applied to Messrs. Taylor and Hessey, explained to them his intentions, and inquired whether they thought sufficiently well of the design to embark in the undertaking: their opinion of it was decided and flattering, but they desired to see one or two chapters to enable them to judge of the powers and capabilities of James to realize his own conceptions: the opportunity was soon afforded them, and

was immediately followed by a most liberal offer on their parts. This arrangement was no sooner made than he applied himself to the prosecution of the undertaking with all that ardor and energy which were characteristic features of his mind. A certain portion of each day was regularly appropriated to the work, and continued to be so, with few intermissions, to the close of his life: but he still reserved sufficient time for the enjoyment of the literary novelties of the day, and the society of the friends whom he loved.

A period now approached to which he had long looked forward with much anxious expectation, as putting him in possession of his property, and giving him the full superintendence and direction of his own affairs. It was on the twenty-ninth day of August that he completed his twenty-first year, and he availed himself of the opportunity thus afforded him of evincing the grateful sentiments he always cherished towards the instructors of his youth: on that day he invited his two guardians and his old preceptor to dine with him, and after dinner presented to each of them, as well as to his father-in-law, a piece of plate, with an appropriate Latin inscription,—a mark of grateful attention and respect, as unlooked for, as it was delightful to the feelings of the parties. The writer having

been consulted by him throughout, in the choice and preparation of the little presents in question, can bear testimony to the motives by which he was influenced ; there was nothing that partook in the least degree of ostentation or of vanity, but all was done in the utmost purity and singleness of heart. The expressions of grateful acknowledgment with which he records the attainment of his majority, are very pleasing, and well deserve insertion here ; they form part of

THE RETROSPECT OF 1818.

Once more sitting down to take a slight review of the occupations and character of the portion of my life just elapsed, I was at first inclined to consider the absence of any remarks, critical or otherwise, in this appendix, as a stern evidence of unbecoming listlessness and irregularity ; but on reflection and reference, I am disposed to regard it as rather favorable than not, and arguing an occupation of the mind, and a direction of its powers to higher objects, which prevented attention to minute forms and details. I cannot from memory tax myself with idleness, and I feel great satisfaction in the consciousness that the greater part of the year has been occupied in acquiring and condensing a mass of valuable information, the mere acquisition of

which is an important gain; but viewed with reference to ulterior prospects, becomes of higher interest as affording the long sought opportunity of appearing before the world in a literary character—an object to which the ambition and habits of my life are more peculiarly directed. I have hitherto been unsuccessful—but I trust that failure has diminished neither my perseverance, my hope, nor the feeling of contented thankfulness which I ought ever to cherish.

Another event has also taken place within the year, calculated to call forth a particular expression of gratitude to the Supreme Providence,—I mean the arrival of that epoch so long and anxiously looked for, when I should assume the management of my own property and affairs. In connection with this point I have nothing to regret, or to call up feelings of unpleasantness or disappointment; but, on the contrary, the situation in which I find myself with respect to worldly concerns is such as demands satisfaction, grateful acknowledgment, and cheerful content. I am, however, not yet in a settled state as regards external arrangements, and I record it to impress more distinctly on my mind the deep necessity that the difficulties should be met and overcome.

I turn now to subjects of a loftier character

and interest, which ought to occupy the first place in my mind, and that they have not maintained their due rank and superiority throughout, is matter of humiliation and sorrow—I refer to the duties of religion and morality, of which I feel that I have not entertained so deep a sense as I ought. This will more particularly apply to the influence and state of practical religion, from which my mind has too often wandered unaccountably and culpably. The speculative part of my religion remains the same, except that my conviction of the truth of my general opinions is encreased, and assumes a more firm and decided character. Of morality I have nothing to say. I have no cause for self-gratulation—my trials are few—and negative virtues are *with me* of less value than usual; if any change has ensued, it will be for the worse, as the avowed state of mind with respect to internal religion will undoubtedly involve.

The relations of the heart remain nearly unchanged; I am what I was, and I believe my friends are so too; by which I allude only to those who are nearest to me, and linked by ties of the closest description—ties unseen, unthought of by the world, and on the continuance of which much of my positive happiness depends.

“*Spes et fortuna favete!*”

My bark has commenced a new voyage—the helm is indeed mine, but the winds are at the will of heaven.

JAMES TYSON.

January 2, 1819.

His time now flowed on in an easy current of undisturbed serenity; his mind was fully occupied in the literary work he had undertaken, which he felt to be worthy of his powers, and in the prosecution of which he was continually reaping new harvests of information, and thus adding to his daily pleasures. He was himself satisfied with the execution of his task; and the entire approbation of his publishers, which from time to time they expressed in flattering terms, as the work proceeded, left him nothing to desire on this head. In fact, his hours seemed now to glide along, brightened by continual sunshine, and the whole of this year (1819) proved to him a course of almost uninterrupted enjoyment.

Ever since his trip to France in 1816, which was hurried and limited in extent, he had been desirous of revisiting that country and extending his tour to Switzerland and the Netherlands. The writer of this little memoir, delighted at the opportunity of travelling with such a companion, eagerly embraced the proposal of his friend to

accompany him ; and accordingly on the 11th of August they set off for Paris, where they passed about a fortnight ; they then proceeded to Geneva, through the Vallais and across the Simplon to Domo d'Ossola ; returning by Lausanne, they visited the celebrated establishments of Pestalozzi at Yverdun, and that of Pfellenberg at Hoffwyll ; availing themselves of their proximity when at Bern, they also saw the beautiful valley of Lauterbrunn, and the far-famed glaciers of Grindelwald. They then directed their course by Basle and Strasbourg to the Netherlands, which they entered by Givet and Namur, and passing over the field of Waterloo to Brussels, returned by Antwerp, Ghent, and Ostend, to Dover.

It will easily be seen that this little tour embraced a great deal of interesting ground, and to the mind of James it afforded a continual feast. During the whole time he enjoyed excellent health and spirits, and his companion fully anticipated that it would have been the means of firmly establishing his bodily strength which for some time previous had been declining.

Upon their return, however, James devoted himself more vigorously than ever to his favorite work, with the desire to redeem the time which he had given up to relaxation and pleasure ; and

this close application was productive of very injurious consequences. It cannot be doubted that the great change in his mode of living,—the sudden transition from constant exposure and exercise, to close confinement to the house, would of itself be prejudicial, independent of the redoubled action of the mind: the combined operation of these causes was perceptible in a few weeks, in a renewal of the violent head-aches to which he had formerly been subject, and in other unpleasant symptoms, for which powerful remedies were deemed necessary. Blisters and cupping were resorted to with effect, and the more alarming appearances were thus removed; but his mind was a good deal impressed by the attack, as will be seen by the manner in which it is noticed in his diary in the close of

THE RETROSPECT OF 1819.

The past year has been principally a time of labour and occupation on the literary project which engages my attention, though relieved by a most delightful excursion to the Alpine regions under the most favoring circumstances of companionship and comfort. The information and delight which my mind has received from this tour is not to be forgotten, and will always remain as one of my most pleasurable recollec-

tions. My domestic arrangements have been satisfactorily concluded, and the deep and valued relations of the heart remain unchanged. My mind has, I fear, made less progress than it ought in the more serious occupations which regard futurity, though I trust I am not less sensible than heretofore of the manifold blessings and privileges which Providence has conferred upon me. For the time to come I will not rely upon human nature farther than to say "*Spero Meliora.*"

The closing year finds me suffering from an indisposition which suspends my exertions, and the nature of which I do not comprehend, though far from regarding its symptoms with indifference. "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

JAMES TYSON.

Having gradually recovered from this illness, he returned to his former habits of industrious occupation, and the "History of Civil Government" was rapidly and satisfactorily advancing, under an application imprudently severe. He would not, however, estrange himself from his friends, even for an object so important to him; and it is more than probable that the evening visits he paid to them were detrimental to his lungs, which had never been strong. He was

very susceptible of cold, and not sufficiently careful in guarding against it; so that attacks of cough succeeded each other in quick succession, until at length he contracted a hoarseness which all the measures resorted to for that purpose failed to remove. He had thought it right to submit himself to medical treatment, and he now confined himself pretty much to the house: by these means his cough was much relieved, although the hoarseness still remained. Thus he continued until the month of June, feeling no alarm himself, and endeavouring to quiet the fears of his friends, by telling them that his physician had assured him his lungs were sound, and that only warm weather was wanting to remove the hoarseness which still troubled him.

He was now rapidly approaching the termination of his career, although none of his friends had any idea how rapidly, and very few of them indeed perceived any immediate danger. Towards the end of the month, summer burst suddenly upon us with an overwhelming heat; James felt it to be so, and on Wednesday the 28th quitted London for Harlow, giving to his friends the delightful assurance that he should return in a few weeks with renewed health and strength. Alas! in one short week, on Wednesday the 5th of July, he returned with death written upon his

forehead, in characters not to be misunderstood; and the following Wednesday witnessed the termination of his earthly course.

For some days previous to his decease he was quite aware of the extremity of his danger; indeed, for some weeks he had considered his situation as more critical than it was generally believed to be, though a tenderness for the feelings of his friends prevented him from giving such an intimation to any of them: but his mind remained calm and composed; no symptom of dissatisfaction—no expression of impatience escaped him. Just entering upon life, as he was, with bright and cheering prospects, surrounded by associates who courted his society, and friends who dearly loved him, it cannot be doubted that life had for him many charms. Yet he resigned himself without a murmur to the will of Him who called him into being, confiding in his goodness and mercy,—willing to live, but willing also to die, as He should appoint.

The writer of these pages was at a distance when James returned from Harlow, but was immediately sent for; upon arriving in town and learning the decided opinion of the physician that recovery was hopeless, he deemed it imperative on him to make the painful communication to his friend, and for this purpose sought an early op-

portunity of leading his thoughts to the contemplation of the subject. James instantly perceived the intention, and said with emotion, “ I know what you wish, but it is already done: I may say that I have been favored with a peculiar interposition of Providence to that effect. An old friend of our family called upon me a short time since, and the impossibility of restraining her feelings, which overcame her on seeing my altered appearance, gave me the first intimation of danger: for a moment it was almost too much for me, but I soon fell into silent prayer, and in a quarter of an hour all dread subsided; I became entirely composed and resigned—I felt, in fact, that my prayer was answered.”

In this placid, submissive frame of mind, he continued to the end, retaining all his wonted firmness and self-possession. On the day before his decease, he observed, “ There is evidently a terrible conflict carrying on between the doctor and the disease; we shall soon see which will prevail; we must do what we can, and wait the issue:” and more than once he told his friends it was “ all working for the great end.” On the following morning, finding himself weaker, he said, “ I feel this disease is mastering me—it is getting the upper hand—I am not so able to struggle with it as I was.” Thus aware of his

approaching dissolution, his anxieties were much more for his friends than for himself; he dreaded the effect of the impending blow upon his poor mother, and expressed himself very much relieved, after an interesting conversation with her, at finding her mind more prepared for the event than he had anticipated. At six o'clock in the evening of Wednesday the 12th of July, awaking from a short but tranquil slumber, he breathed a single sigh and instantly expired.

Thus, at the early age of twenty-three, was society deprived of an active and useful member; his associates, of a delightful and endeared companion; his friends, of an invaluable treasure. The cheerfulness of his disposition, added to the excellence of his understanding, and his acquired knowledge, made him a welcome visitor wherever he went; and the undeviating rectitude of his principles caused his friendship to be sought by all with whom he was connected.

To no one could the beautiful lines of Montgomery be more applicable than to James Tyson.

“ Sweet in his undissembling mien
Were genius, virtue, candor, seen,
The lips that loved the truth;
The single eye whose glance sublime
Looked to eternity through time,
The soul whose hopes were wont to climb
Above the joys of youth.”

In his general demeanor to strangers, he was affable and easy of access; always pleased in extending the circle of his acquaintance, and always willing to communicate information to those with whom he had intercourse: his conversation, easy and unembarrassed, was a continual source of interest, but never bordered on pedantry or conceit. He had an utter aversion to every thing which indicated a mean and selfish spirit, and if ever he expressed himself with harshness, it was when he met with actions betraying that such was the governing disposition.

Endowed with a quick perception of the merits of whatever excited his attention, his judgments were usually prompt and decisive, perhaps almost what some would call hasty, and yet it seldom happened that he had cause to alter them. Thus highly gifted he became the confidant and counsellor of old and young; not merely of those who shared with him the freshness and buoyancy of youth, but of many whose years doubled and trebled his own, and who were accustomed to repose with confidence on the soundness of his judgment, and the high principle of right by which his advice was uniformly regulated.

But his penetration, his decision, his sound-

ness of judgment, his energy, his gaiety of spirit, his delightful conversational powers,—all, in fact, all the bright and dazzling properties of his mind were eclipsed by the nobler and more endearing qualities of his heart:—how truly noble, how truly endearing, none can know but the few chosen friends whose happiness it was to share it. The character of a real friend is always a thousand times more capable of being *felt* than *described*; and it is impossible to relate in detail all his little nameless acts of kindness and of love, how warmly soever they may continue to vibrate round the heart: they are not performed for exhibition, but to bind and cement more closely together kindred hearts, and to illustrate the truth that

“ Man is dear to man.”

It was in this chosen circle, in which he knew no restraint, that the glories of his character unveiled themselves;—here the refined and cultivated soul spread its rich and vivifying rays—here the warm heart delighted to dispense its cheering and exhilarating beams—here the endearing spirit of unbounded confidence and unsuspecting reliance twined those bonds of amity which could be loosened or dissolved only by death and the grave.

But it is time to bring this imperfect narrative to a conclusion, and the words of a contemporary poet, who has been already quoted, may here be faithfully and appropriately applied:—

“ Many, my friend, have mourned for thee,
And many yet shall mourn
Long as thy memory shall be
In sweet remembrance borne,
By those who loved thee here, and love
Thy spirit still in realms above.”

His remains were interred in the family vault, at the Chapel of Ease, Lark-Hall Lane, Clapham.

LETTERS.

LETTERS.

TO HIS FRIEND WILLIAM.

Sunday, August 20, 1815.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE been meditating on the subject you proposed for my consideration, and have read the pamphlet you lent me; the result of all which is, that I am satisfied “ we shall be known to each other in a future state.”

Respecting the pamphlet, I have to observe, that it certainly throws considerable light upon the question, though in many instances it appears to me overstrained, and to quote passages in support of its arguments, which refer only to our

meeting Christ in the next world. My present purpose, however, is not criticism, but explanation. The scriptures clearly express that the righteous will have an inheritance among the sanctified (Acts, xx. 32.), which you will find in many places, (see also Acts, xxvi. 18.): this fact being admitted, for what purpose should we be congregated together, were mutual recognition denied? We are taught that the future life of the sanctified will be spent in praising God, in joy, and admiration:—how would this joy be heightened, by the recollection of the events of our past life! how intense the delight of holding communion with friends that were once dear, and of imparting our sentiments of wonder and adoration, at the disclosure of the infinite goodness of the Creator. And not only with our own immediate friends should we confer, but we should stand in the presence of Moses and the Patriarchs,—of Elijah and the Prophets,—of Christ and his Apostles: this to my mind would be transport illimitable, worthy of the beneficence of the Almighty. Indeed, mutual recognition in a future state appears so in unison with our ideas of the divine benevolence, that my reliance upon the promises of scripture will not suffer me to doubt it: but our adversaries must be at-

tended to. It is urged against us, that the knowledge of some of our former connexions not being in happiness, would introduce grief into the regions of bliss, which cannot be. My answer is this—as sorrow is banished from heaven, the situation of our fallen relatives could not give us pain, were we acquainted with it; but I think it highly probable that the good will be so completely separated from the bad, that they will not witness their punishment: in either case, there cannot be a doubt of the righteous being exempted from mental pain. This objection then must vanish, and I am not acquainted with any other that merits consideration. You have now a brief summary of my conceptions on the subject; for what other elucidations they may seem to require, I refer you to the before-mentioned pamphlet, which conveys a very tolerable idea of the question. I am anxious to have your observations, which may be perfectly satisfactory, without being extended to thirty-three pages. There are several other points of controversy which I think you and I might enlarge upon, and ambition tells me that if we agree, we might possibly extend the sphere of our reflections, by communicating them to the world in some shape or other. Particulars must be left for a personal

interview, and until I can enjoy that, believe me to be, &c. &c.

J. T.

TO HIS FRIEND GEORGE.

September 28, 1816.

MY DEAR SIR,

I CRAVE pardon for not returning an answer by the bearer, as you requested, but I was willing to say a few words respecting the inclosures at the same time. I regret that I have not the "Emerald Isle," or should have been most happy to have lent it you. I believe I recommended you to read it, and I now repeat my recommendation, as I am confident you will be delighted with it: when you have perused it, pray give me your opinion.

I have read "Suicide," with attention; that the lines are interesting, is to say the least. The horrible state of mind in which they were penned is perceptible throughout, and imparts a grandeur to the production, which *per se* it would not have possessed: I look upon it as a curious and

valuable relic.—Insanity is strongly impressed on the face of it; and it may serve as a model for dramatic pourtrayers of madness: this is nature, and as such it is worthy of deep attention. I know not whether you have a copy, but at all events I shall use the freedom of retaining it a few days.

I have paid no less attention to your “Scraps,” as you call them, and cannot but smile at your desiring me to *pity* you. I do not know a worse mortification that an author can receive than to be pitied; however, it is not my intention either to lash or to pity, but with that candour which is the true torch-bearer to improvement, I shall tell you, that your Lines would have been better, had you bestowed more time upon them; that they bear evident marks of haste; that they contain some excellent ideas, and that they only want a little revision to make them very good.—I have not flattered you, and I know I shall please you in not having done so. I shall retain these verses, *sans ceremonie*: pray, has this bantling any brothers and sisters? I should like to see them—Remember that!

I have read the Monody, which I must think a very unequal performance, though in all probability Byron’s.

Macready, the new Orestes, I have not seen, nor do I at present intend to see him in that character—I do not like the play.

For what you say of my Tragedy—thanks ! but there is a spice of flattery which I hope will be omitted in future. Yours, &c.

J. T.

TO MRS. VOWLER,

WITH A PACK OF CARDS.

A PACK of Cards, my dear madam, may seem a very odd present; and an *old* one, still more so; but you will remember that it comes from an odd creature. I know that, with you, cards have contributed to while away many a weary hour; and, besides, I am disposed to think we may derive much more from them than mere amusement, like the philosopher in Shakspeare, who

“ Found tongues in trees, books in the running brook,
“ Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.”

Indeed, the world appears to me to have a

strong resemblance to a pack of cards; it has its *high* and its *low*—its *honours* and its *court-cards*—its *kings*, *queens*, and *knaves*, in abundance; and often the individual who is insignificant in one game, in another becomes of vast importance. Prudence teaches us to *play our cards well* in life; and to *turn up a trump-card in a favourite suit*, is the object of all our ambition.

Youth plays at *Speculation*—Age, at *Patience*; —the Statesman exerts his skill in the intricacies of *Whist*—the Soldier employs his strength in *beating the Knave out-of-doors*—and the Man of Business amuses himself with the barterings and calculations of *Commerce*. Again, the *Diamond* may represent wealth, rank, and power,—the *Heart*, love, friendship, virtue, and all that is amiable,—the *Club*, war, strife, hate, and all that is detestable,—and the *Spade*, the humble employment of the lowly rustic.—How often do we *turn up a Club*, where we expected a *Heart* or a *Diamond*! How often do the contentions of the *Diamond* and the *Heart* call for the interference of the *Club*, who generally comes to the assistance of the former, and drives the poor *Heart* out of the field; while the peasant, with his single *Spade*, is probably happier than all the rest. I

could compare a Bachelor to an *Ace*, and Marriage to a *Deuce*, sometimes of *Hearts*, but not unfrequently of *Clubs*: and to take it in another point of view, how generally do we see the *Diamond* and the *Club* pairing off together, leaving the *Heart* and the *Spade* to get through life as well as they can.

You, I know, have too independent a mind to covet dealings with *court-cards* generally; but I may, and do sincerely, congratulate you on the possession of **FOUR HONOURS**, which I fervently hope you may long enjoy, with all the complacency such a prize is calculated to afford. In this sentiment, you may be assured there is no danger of a *Revoke*; and although it is not my place to *lead off with it*, I am most happy to *follow suit*.

Believe me to be,

my dear madam, &c. &c.

J. T.

December 12, 1817.

TO GEORGE MILLER, ESQ.
OF PAISLEY.

London, May 2, 1818.

MY DEAR SIR,

WHEN I look at the date of your letter, I am quite ashamed to think of the length of time that has elapsed before I sit down to reply; and I hasten to remove the impression which must have taken place in your mind, that I was not anxious to continue the correspondence. I can assure you, however, that the contrary is the case; and I feel flattered that you should devote any part of your time to me, occupied as I understand it to be with many important pursuits. If there is any one circumstance that would render it more agreeable than another, it is the free and unreserved manner in which you have commenced the correspondence. I hate punctilio; and, in literary pursuits, pride and ceremony are such unwelcome intruders, that a man who permits their sway must be considered as a very doubtful subject of science, in thus unconstitutionally paying homage to foreign potentates.

To have done with preliminaries, I may as well inform you of the real cause of my silence : I was expecting to surprise you with a piece of intelligence, that I doubt not would have had that effect. I was in treaty for the management of a Weekly Newspaper, and I delayed writing to you, till I could communicate something definitive on the subject. After six weeks of trial and uncertainty, I found the person I had to deal with was truly an impracticable man ; so I hastily dissolved the connexion, and am once more enjoying the *otium cum dignitate*. This I do not regret, as it must be something highly advantageous which can overbalance the benefits to be derived from leisure, in my situation. I am now in the immediate neighbourhood of the British Museum, to the library of which I have constant access : I need not enlarge upon the value of this privilege, as you will comprehend it in a moment. Its collection of books and MSS. is unrivalled, except by the Bodleian at Oxford, and the Royal Library at Paris ; independent of its invaluable and increasing treasures of antiquities and natural history. I shall, of course, make the best use of my time with these advantages, including those of two other similar institutions (the London and the Russell), with

which I am connected. All of these I shall have great pleasure in introducing to your acquaintance, when you next visit London, as also the society of which I am a member, if it should be sitting at the time. I fear, however, that the period of your usual visit to the south, is during our recess, as we shall adjourn for the summer months till October or November, I do not at present know which. If I rightly understand the purport of your remarks on this subject, I think you have somewhat misconceived our views, imagining them to be more extended than they really are. Our discussions are confined to moral, literary, and political topics; the professed objects of the institution being the cultivation and diffusion of useful knowledge, and the art of extemporaneous public speaking. Our number is about thirty: we meet every Tuesday evening, and sit for about two hours and a half. Our president is a young man of extraordinary talent—he is in the profession of the Law, and has occasionally poured forth bursts of eloquence which would do honor to any man or any assembly. The rest of us being unpractised and ungifted speakers, it is scarcely necessary to say he throws us all into shade: he is of course extremely *popular*, and if it be previously known

that he will speak on any given evening, we are sure of a crowded house. We meet in an excellent room in Chancery-Lane, in all possible form and dignity.

I understand that your pursuits, and the societies to which you belong, are chiefly of a scientific nature—a branch of knowledge which we do not interfere with, and to which I have very small pretension. Poetry and her sister arts have principally occupied my attention; and although Philosophy and her train have had their share of the inconstant sunshine of my favor, they may truly be said to

“ Come like shadows—so depart.”

I cannot of course be so ignorant, or so indifferent, as not to feel interest in the march of Science; and I should be happy to have some account of your Paisley Institutions; and if any of them should happen to come within my reach, I will not say but I may become a candidate for the honors of the North, provided that *foreign* communications are admissible; and if there be any information which it may be in my power to communicate to you individually, I entreat that you will require my services without any scruple whatever. It is thus, and thus only,

that knowledge is rendered generally useful; and a literary miser is worse than he who hordes up the world's base pelf—that must be left behind, the other may be buried with the misanthrope who imprisoned it.

Do you know any thing of the present state of the Philosophical Society at Manchester?

I sincerely hope my long silence will not become a precedent on either side, and that you will soon convince me of the contrary by your example. Believe me, &c. &c.

J. T.

TO GEORGE MILLER, ESQ.

OF PAISLEY.

London, August 25, 1818.

MY DEAR SIR,

I FEEL myself much indebted for the kind and friendly interest you have taken in my literary affairs, and hasten to assure you that I am quite convinced you would render me all the service in your power: however, the only favor I

have to ask at present for my bantling, is a strict silence respecting its nature and object, which I will willingly give you an idea of. It is intended to be a compendium of the constitutions and forms of government now existing in the world, embracing a view of all the various forms that have subsisted among the celebrated nations of former times, so as to give a general and succinct idea of all the governments of the principal countries that have figured in the history of the world. This will of course present in a small compass, (which is a principal point) an immense mass of information that must at present be sought in hundreds of volumes, or only glanced at in incorrect books of geography, servilely compiled from very spurious sources.

If I continue to please my masters (the publishers) to the end, I shall be very comfortably situated with respect to the pecuniary part of the affair, though I am not the less sensible of your kind offer of assistance in that way. In this there is a great deal of steady labour; and the principal difficulty lies in the compression of the materials, as it is my object not only to view the several institutions when completed, but to trace their progress, and to present a view of all the changes that have occurred in the constitutional

history of the countries treated of. There is, nevertheless, a great deal of pleasure attaching to these researches, and there is a great fund of knowledge incidentally obtained, which I should scarcely ever have acquired, if I had set about making a study of history for the mere purposes of internal improvement. There is much advantage in this : we seem to gain information insensibly—we are relieved from the tediousness of plodding through ponderous volumes, only that we may get to the end of them ; and like the botanist who ranges the hills for a particular flower, and returns with an unexpected garland of novelties, we are continually gathering new sweets as we proceed, until labour becomes recreation, and increasing ardour accompanies the task.

I shall not regret your protracted absence, if it will enable you, when you do come, to enjoy a few more of the pleasures which I promise myself to share with you, if the period of your arrival be propitious. The British Museum will be open again to the public on the first of October, though I think I could introduce you to the Gallery of Sculpture before : the reading-room continues open as usual for the benefit of *us* authors, and I can enjoy a stroll through the

building without the interruption of idle and ignorant wonder-catchers.

In our course of studies there is certainly some difference—yours are decidedly physical, and mine rather metaphysical—yours is the world of matter, mine the world of mind; yet between these there is no antipathy, but a connexion the most intimate, if the links are closely examined. You are employed in investigating the mysteries of nature; exploring the dark recesses of the mine, and from the hidden stores of the fruitful earth, calling forth the mighty agents that administer to the necessities, comforts, and luxuries of man; and in these there is a secret charm distinct from all low considerations, an admiration of nature in her smallest atom—a light within, which, like the sacred fire of the Persians, is never extinguished, but glows and brightens, as the enthusiasm that feeds it grows stronger by its own exertions. On the contrary, I am occupied in tracing the operations of the human mind in all ages, situations, and forms—now, in the soul of the legislator, exhibited in the revolutions of empires—breathing in the aspirations of poetry—and in the contemplations of the philosopher, who sits alone within his silent cell, and meditates on things beyond

the reach of time—the soul, that knows all things but itself, and the ONE GREAT MIND that sways the universe. And here is a point where we may unite : by opposite directions we have arrived at the same spot; and, like the sovereigns of two mighty empires, we have discovered a space of neutral ground whereon to meet, and pay a common homage to the Lord Supreme. I was once, like you, an experimental philosopher; but it was a childish love, and the characters it engraved are nearly obliterated by time : in plainer language, this study gave way to others more attractive, but to the mania, while it lasted, I owe a good deal; and I am persuaded that there is nothing more beneficial for a young mind than those ardent fits of studying a particular science, which, though they afterwards subside, always leave a sufficient impression for general knowledge.

I feel much obliged by all your enquiries, and offers respecting your scientific institutions : I shall certainly write for them ; and if I should be so fortunate as to obtain the honor of a connexion with any of them, I shall be at all times happy to promote their interests as far as lies in my power, by communicating any information, or transacting any business for them in London.

At present I am quite at a loss for a subject; if any thing should occur to you as likely to be in my way and theirs, send it up, and I will see if I can make any thing of it. Do not forget the Edinburgh Royal Society in your next, if you should have met with any information respecting it. I hope it will not be long before I hear from you, as the delay on my side has been quite accidental. Believe me, &c. &c.

J. T.

TO GEORGE MILLER, ESQ.

OF PAISLEY.

London, September 14, 1818.

MY DEAR SIR,

I SEIZE the first leisure moment to return you sincere thanks for your last kind and long letter, though you will perceive, by the size of my paper, that I have not grace enough to follow your example. But you shall have my excuses, for I would not have you suppose me guilty of indifference, or of the affectation of

business, which men of literary habits too often assume. My time this morning is limited by an expected visit from my publisher, whom I am about to take with some friends to the Museum, by special favor, during the recess. I am also anxious you should have this early, as you desired; and as I hope to see you very shortly, there is less occasion for prolixity: so much for reasons for a short letter, which, with a few such aids as excuse-making, &c. will be metamorphosed into a long one by mere dint of manual gossiping.

Of your friendly regard for my pursuits I am fully sensible, and trust that the work now in progress will not prove unworthy of your attention. I could not but smile as you recalled the period of our first acquaintance, and the train of ideas thereto attaching, when, as you observe, business appeared to be our only object: this might be so in a great degree, for I believe, at that time, I had not long entered into office, and in all probability was sufficiently occupied by my own importance. At the same time I assure you, that I look back upon that period with considerable satisfaction, as it gave me a great portion of information and experience in the world's affairs, which I could not otherwise have

attained. At length, however, the old impulses returned, and Mr. V. was kind enough to give me my emancipation.—I returned to the Muses, and with them shall most probably remain.

Upon your observations on your own situation you must allow me to make a few comments. I can fully sympathise with your regrets for the *omissions* of the past, but I do not see any particular reason to lament the circumstances in which you are now placed: that you are chained to a business is true, but your mind is unfettered; it allows you to recreate yourself with those pursuits most congenial to you: we cannot all walk in one and the same path, and it is very probable that your sphere of utility and pleasure is quite as large *now*, as it would have been if your amusement had been your occupation. You look at the bright side of a literary life—did you ever view the other? if not, I will lift up a corner of the curtain for you when you come to town. As regards your leisure hours, you live to study; but if you were obliged to study to live, how different would be your feelings! With all due respect for the ardour of your attachment to the lady Science, it appears to me to be of very little consequence whether you can keep up with her march or not: you have the same pleasure

in your pursuit,—in the society of learned men when they come in your way—and in the contemplation of the miracles of the times; besides these, there is a whole class of feelings allied to, but not dependent on, literature; of social pleasures, quiet joys remote from noisy fame, but sweetest in their quietude, which will increase the zest of the rational enjoyment of literature, while they temper the passion for climbing its summits—the intensity of ambition which would enthrone itself on Alps, and from its cloudy eminence control a subject world.

The love of science may become a passion as well as any thing else, and should be bridled. Shakspeare says—the lunatic, the lover, and the *poet*, are of imagination all compact; and the word *poet* may be safely construed in its widest signification. I have little respect for the character that is *merely literary*, by which I mean a man whose every feeling is absorbed in the whirlpool of learning and learning's ambition—such an one is much less enviable than he appears to be, he toils as much as if he were in a coal-mine; the light of the sun cheers him not; he lives for a posterity who know him not, care not for him, and he dies without a friend. The mathematician (Sharp) who shut himself up for

years to calculate the quadrature of the circle, was only fit for a mad-house, and if he had never lived at all it would have signified very little. Depend upon it, the intellectual qualities of a man will render him very little service, if unaccompanied by the moral and social feelings of human nature. But it is time I should return, or I shall not be able to send you this to day. I am obliged by your offer of a trip with you to Paris; but it will not be in my power to accompany you, for a variety of reasons, which I can mention when I see you.—If you can spare the time for the excursion, I am sure it will delight you: and as you say you can procure such excellent introductions, I should recommend you, by all means, to take advantage of your proximity when in the south.

I am much indebted to you for the list of subjects you have given me; they have afforded me some useful hints: I had thought of one before I received yours, but I shall certainly avail myself of the advantage, and I shall always feel obliged by your communicating any similar ideas that may strike you, as it might possibly be the means of eliciting a good deal of useful information, as well for myself as others. I hope to be able to give you something to take back

with you, as I am now making a pause in my work, for such purposes. We will talk over the affair of the Royal Society when we meet; I think I can apply one of your subjects to that object. I hope it will not now be long before I see you, and you will believe that I shall be most happy in spending as many hours as you please, in any way that shall be agreeable to you.—“ My hour is almost come,”—so I will, without farther apology or parade, subscribe myself, &c. &c.

J. T.

TO HIS FRIEND GEORGE.

Bernard Street, October 31, 1818.

DEAR GEORGE,

I OUGHT to have answered your letter long ere this, but have been in hopes of seeing you in the city: I called on Thursday, but you were wandering.

I am sincerely obliged by your offer of drawing the case for counsel, and if you can do that with perfect convenience to yourself, I have

every confidence in your capabilities ; but I wish you distinctly to understand, that if it will occasion you the slightest inconvenience or prejudice in any shape, I shall expect you to declare it.

You know I love solicitors as a rat does a trap, and as I have two crazy old tenements, with a *Lawyer* in one, and a *Surveyor* in the other, I think I owe the devil no fees : it is well I have no more, or I should die of repletion, unless previously quieted by phlebotomy. But to business—do you want papers, parchments, or instructions ? let me know. Will you survey the premises ?—Call on Mrs. H——, but do not charge me for the length of her harangues, or if you insist upon that as absolutely requiring remuneration, just look out a snug lodging *within the Rules*, as you go home, that I may be prepared for the worst. Pr'ythee be laconic, since it appears the greater the bulk, the harder the squeeze.—Oh—— ! I groan already. Preston's the man,—perhaps he would compromise the fee for an Ode on Conveyancing. If you are likely to be visible on Monday about four P. M. I will, if possible, venture my neck into Pandemonium ; though if I meet —, or —, or —, I shall be strongly tempted to cry,

Exorciso te! with all and sundry the epithets, phrases, words, expressions, substantives, and adjectives, thereunto belonging, as recited in the original conveyance from Abel Sampson, clerk, to Margaret Merriliees, widow.

I remain
your despairing friend,

J. T.

TO HIS FRIEND GEORGE.

Bernard Street, Dec. 14, 1818.

DEAR GEORGE,

MRS. H— yesterday undertook a pilgrimage to Bernard Street in great tribulation of spirit, to make inquiries respecting your operations; when, with my accustomed compassion, I promised to write to you to obtain some information, and, if possible, allay her unceasing doubts and fears. Do you think you can manage to finish the case before Christmas, that I may be enabled to give these people some answer? I think if Mrs. H— should by any accident quit this world before

the affair is settled, she would haunt me ever afterwards, and her constant company is not particularly desirable.

I am not less “twitted” by another lady (to use a term of her own) about that song of yours ; have you no tidings of it ? I wish, if not, that you would patch up your original MS. which I dare say you can easily do, if you set about it. I hope you mean to say something on Tuesday ; —there is fine opportunity for a flourish about Napoleon, whom I am sorry I cannot assist on the occasion, having a retainer on the other side. The return from Elba is one of the finest things in history : I am reading Hobhouse’s Letters from Paris during that period ; in which there is a detailed account of the whole affair : this, and the battles of Leipsic and Waterloo, Bonaparte’s crossing the Alps, and the invasion of Russia, might animate dullness itself.—I should think they would blow *you* up. You can find by way of aid, fury in Phillips,—philosophy in De Staël,—and magnificent *praise* and *abuse* in Byron,—all applied to the same individual :

Quid vult magis?

Come as soon as you can on Tuesday, that I may catch a glimpse of you, and give you an

opportunity of putting in your answer to the foregoing bills.

Believe me, &c. &c.

J. T.

TO HIS FRIEND GEORGE.

Bernard Street, January 9, 1819.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

NOTWITHSTANDING my vaunted skill in tracing the origin of dreams, I confess myself wholly at a loss to account for your *hanging-vision*; though I should not have expected you to go out of the direct line of your profession for the association of causes and effects, merits and rewards. As for opening a question at the Athenæum, that is at the worst only the minor punishment of the pillory, of which, I should think, the gentlemen of your fraternity must be in perpetual anticipation.

In the present instance, it is very likely to turn out one of those cases where the *exhibitor* is greeted by the cheers of his friends, and

descends with increased honor and reputation. Be this as it may, I will certainly not refuse my aid to a friend in distress, though his sickness be only brain-begotten upon Modesty, and baptized Megrism. On the other side are a few hints hastily got up in a few moments, the rest is *à vous*—for I too am in haste.

Believe me, &c. &c.

J. T.

HISTORY—what?—the pursuit of all ages; distinguished rank ever acknowledged those studies the most important which contain the highest and most useful truths. History, the storehouse of these, the guide of all our judgments, as useful as memory. The inculcation of morality by example; the knowledge of past events our principal beacon in religion, morals, and science; therefore, the study of them the most important, and in all classes of society. To the statesman, indispensable—no government could be carried on without it; a man ignorant of history cannot be a good minister. Descant on the revolutions of empires: good kings, Cyrus, Alfred, &c. &c. Great kings, Alexander, Charles V. Greece, Rome. To the man of science equally necessary, the ground-work of his knowledge in a

great degree; the *proofs* of his reasonings, a variety of speculations, in which a deficiency of historical knowledge would be fatal. Genuine history—evidence of the most important truths, as of Christianity—Paley—utility of concurrent and undoubted testimony on all subjects—to man generally; pre-eminent as conveying the greatest mass of the most useful knowledge—from its comprehensiveness—proved from individual works, as Gibbon, Montesquieu, *et alia.*

On the other hand, Poetry is merely the record of internal impressions; these of inferior importance, fleeting, imaginative, liable to perversion; seducing the mind from graver studies, without compensating by any certain benefit; nursing the passions—unfitting the mind for the necessary occupations of life. What instruction is conveyed? very *limited*—unsupported—theoretical—and the slave of the prejudices of any writer. Not so History—facts cannot be altogether perverted.—Recapitulation.

The above hints you will find capable of amplification and illustration, which you can easily supply; consult N—, who will support you: I shall certainly oppose these arguments.

TO GEORGE MILLER, ESQ.
OF PAISLEY.

London, May 1, 1819.

MY DEAR SIR,

YOU will herewith receive the long promised essay for the Paisley Philosophical Institution, with a letter to yourself as secretary. I have chosen one of the subjects you hinted at, (The Origin and Establishment of the Art of Printing), and though but a crude and sketchy piece of business, I trust it will be admissible. I have also sent, according to promise, one of the pamphlets, published by me some years ago, but I request that it may never go out of your custody, unless accompanied with an intimation that it was written at the age of fifteen; which may serve as an excuse for its errors and deficiencies.

* * * * *

I expect that my work will be announced among the new publications attached to the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews: although

this will not pledge me to publish at any certain period; you may suppose that I am anxious to advance as fast as possible. I intend to diversify this dull track by a trip to Switzerland in August; and then plunge again into the abyss of learned research, amidst torrents of printers' ink, and the picturesque scenery of stained paper. I must tell you that I was much pleased with your observations respecting artists, and the dangers they have to encounter: indeed the remarks will apply equally well to any class of persons. You know what a strong aversion I feel for those habits which degrade the dignity of human nature; and I never see men of talent and sense giving way to them without indignation: the plea of sociability, and I know not what, is a mockery; man ceases to be social when reason loses its power; and a false elevation of spirits is neither good for the mind nor for the body.

* * * * *

I should like to have some account of your friend Murray's trip; I suppose he passed through Geneva, concerning which I am desirous to procure all the intelligence I am able. I am quite aware of what he mentions respecting the Lancasterian schools in France, as it is a cause

in which I feel great interest, and I am now taking an active part in the formation of an auxiliary society for the district in which I reside. I believe there are nine hundred established in France, notwithstanding the opposition of alarmed bigotry and prejudice. Have you any idea of the infant population of Paisley? how is education generally afforded? and what proportion do you believe to be uneducated and unemployed?—Scotland has less need of these institutions than any other country in the world, but facilities should never be neglected.

I am sorry to find we are not likely to see you in London soon, but your intention may possibly change. Do not let it be long before I hear from you again, for if you take such monstrous intervals as you have lately done, I shall be on the banks of the Rhone before I can receive a couple of letters from you; and one in three months is intolerable.

For the present, I must say fare-thee-well, and conclude with subscribing myself, &c.

J. T.

TO HIS MOTHER.

St. Pere, near Caen, August 16, 1819.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

You will have heard, I trust, ere this, of our safe arrival in France; and you will now be pleased to learn, that we are at present most comfortably situated in a beautiful country-house, with every convenience and luxury that the land affords. But we must proceed by degrees; we had a charming ride down to Brighton, without any inconvenience, except on my part one of my head-aches, which, however, I preferred having at that time, rather than subsequently. In two hours I had as much of Brighton as I wished, and we embarked soon after seven o'clock for Dieppe; and then began the horrors, though not of the kind anticipated; the sea was in a perfect calm, and it soon became evident that we should make no way that night; our qualms were very slight, but our impatience increased: I went to bed about two in the morning, but rose again at four to see the ascent of the sun, which having witnessed, some unpleasant hints sent me back

to my bed-chamber, viz. the steward's apartment and magazine, which was the more comfortable, as it was out of the heat of the cabin. I went on deck about nine, and miserable to relate, was compelled to remain there the whole of Thursday; I can assure you I thought it a Polar day. I behaved very well, a little unpolite or so two or three times, but the effects were not lasting; William stuck to the planks, as though they had been a feather-bed; and Toward crawled about in a moping mood, relieved only by occasional chats with the numerous acquaintance he contrived to form:—sometimes a dead silence prevailed throughout the ship, as if the calm spirit of the waters hung over all life, as well as over the ocean; at other times our companions afforded us some amusement: a Scotch hotel-keeper was the only lively animal on board; he was quite a subject for Walter Scott, but more of him presently: we had also a citizen shop-keeper and his wife, who had never been beyond Margate, and who did not understand a word of French; and plenty of sick ladies, and sleepy gentlemen. I went to bed on Thursday night about ten, and slept marvellously well till five, when I had the satisfaction of learning that a few hours would convey us into Dieppe; I got

up, and hailed the cliffs of Normandy with infinite delight. We were obliged to quit the ship on account of low water, and were carried into the harbour by a pilot boat, and landed about eleven o'clock: as the ship with our baggage could not enter till the afternoon, we had plenty of time to see the town; which I shall not describe, as there is scarcely any alteration since you were here. In the afternoon we marched to the custom-house, and passed an excellent examination, as they say at Oxford; the mode of proceeding at the Douane, however, is very fair: an officer makes a declaration, that if any person has brought over prohibited goods, he need only avow it, and they will be returned to England at his own expence. Now be it known to you, that our Scotch friend had with him a wife and daughter; the former of a comfortable size, and wishing, I suppose, to escape taking cold, had furnished herself with sundry articles of Scotch cambric, &c. When the interrogatory was put, Mistress Oman denied the fact; but the lady-inspector not being quite clear upon the subject, detained her for a few minutes, till she had examined the other ladies; and then proceeded to a scrutiny, which was most unfortunate in its results,—seizure, and a

fine of twenty pounds, commenced Mr. Oman's expences in France: you will not be surprised to learn that they kept this affair to themselves, though I saw that the old gentleman's loquacity had somewhat abated. At ten at night we set out for Rouen by the diligence, and arrived there at six in the morning; by which means William was enabled to see the beautiful environs of Rouen: as it was not then our object to stay there, we were glad to find a vehicle departing for Caen in about an hour; accordingly we were again packed up, but in a lighter carriage, which bears the name of Celerifère, it has five or six horses, and travels with incredible speed; we three, and a French valet, occupied one of two bodies that it possesses. The route to Caen is highly romantic and beautiful, and very hilly; the heights are crowned with wood, and from a very lofty elevation we had a charming view of the Seine; throughout the country the fruit-trees are abundant, particularly the apple, as cider is the chief beverage of the Normans. We dined at a little Auberge on the road, where every thing was French, however we were all pleased, and were in much better spirits afterwards: we did not reach Caen till ten o'clock, consequently were obliged to remain there that night. A

comfortable sleep set all to rights; and early yesterday morning we set off for this place, about three leagues from Caen: we got here to breakfast, and—*here* we are. I cannot now go into all the details respecting the place and its inhabitants, which I hope to do more satisfactorily when we are once more assembled round our coal-fire in England.

Mrs. I—— and her family are English; Mr. B——, the proprietor, French, but long accustomed to our language &c. from having resided in Guernsey; the servants are all French. Our reception has been most hospitable, accompanied with every comfort, and without the least restraint on either side. The unceasing vivacity and friendly manners of Mr. B—— are extremely agreeable: and, I believe, Toward thinks the whole family, servants and all, the most amiable people in the world! We have already had much amusement with *him*, but it would be impossible to convey an adequate impression by letter: he and the Norman domestics agree famously, by dint of their mutual politeness; the latter seem to be infinitely amused by him, and as the kitchen is close to the parlour we often come in for a share of the sport: it is not a little curious to hear them *bawling* to each other, in hopes of

thus making themselves understood; and as Mrs. I—— observed, “the louder in proportion as their comprehensive faculties failed.” Our living is a melange of French and English, viz. tea and apricots: Toward has hitherto managed to get tea everywhere,—*we* prefer coffee. The seat of all this is a most delightful spot, abounding with all the luxuries of fruit and flower. The property consists of about two hundred acres, not including a farm, which is let: the garden contains a most beautiful and extensive assemblage of shrubs and flowers, laid out in labyrinths and avenues, winding about most agreeably—it is quite a *Jardin des Plantes*; before the door grows the largest orange I ever saw: and in the orchards which surround the house are all kinds of fruit, to which I need not say we pay our respects *con amore*. It is now the forenoon of Monday; Mr. B—— is gone to town and is to send a carriage for us, according to the time when the diligence sets out for Rouen; this may be either tonight or early to-morrow morning,—in either case we intend to get into Caen time enough to see a lion or two; it appears a tolerably fine, ancient town, approached by some excellent roads. William the Conqueror built the abbey, and was buried in it; this we have yet to see. We have

seen several varieties of the Norman cap, appertaining to the several departments we have passed through, as well as to the stations in life of the parties; some, we understand, to be very expensive. William is altogether much delighted, and we have had a most favourable opportunity of seeing the country and the people. But I must for the present bid you adieu.

J. T.

TO MRS. VOWLER.

Paris, August 22, 1819.

MY DEAR MADAM,

* * * * *

ON Wednesday morning at five o'clock we left Rouen in the diligence; which, notwithstanding the idea commonly entertained in England, is a surprising vehicle: and though vastly resembling a west-country waggon, performs its course with astonishing celerity. The road we travelled is celebrated as comprising some of the most beautiful scenery of France; it follows the course of the Seine for nearly the whole distance, insomuch that we crossed it

seven or eight times during the day: amphitheatres of hills rise on both sides, and are covered with vines, thickly planted, and trained on short sticks: to me the appearance of a vineyard is extremely delightful, and conveys an impression of abundance peculiarly pleasing.

* * * * *

Towards evening we were evidently approaching the capital, and had the first specimen of royal magnificence in the noble hunting forest of St. Germain's, and the palace, long the residence of the exiled James II. A glimpse of Malmaison, reminded us of days gone by; in itself, it is simple and confined, but it is beautifully situated, and extremely well adapted as a retreat. A few more miles brought us to Paris; but it was unfortunately too dark to enjoy the fine spectacle afforded by an immense straight road, the perspective of which is terminated by the centre dome of the Thuilleries; this was, however, compensated by the brilliant illuminations of the coffee houses, &c. which are scattered over the Elysian Fields, giving them all the appearance of an enchanted garden; the impression was continued, when after passing the Place Louis-Quinze, we turned on to one of the fashionable Boulevards, where the same scene

appeared, and was rendered more interesting by our proximity. All Paris seemed to be concentrated in these walks; splendid coffee-houses, and an infinite number of lights glittered on all sides; the humming crowd, and the evident devotion to pleasure, seemed to indicate an extraordinary festival: and yet this takes place every evening while the summer months afford a temptation. Being released from our loco-motive prison, we took a hackney coach, and drove in search of an hotel; we agreed with the first, which had been recommended by some friends of mine; it is called the *Hôtel-de-Suède*, and is in the Rue de Richelieu, in the centre of Paris and its principal spectacles. William has a sitting-room, bed-room, and dressing-room, and I have a bed-room on the next flight of stairs; they are all small, but they answer our purpose, as we are but little at home. Thursday morning was occupied in setting ourselves to rights, and in seeing the exterior of the palaces, &c. in the neighbourhood; these made a striking impression on William's mind, as indeed they are calculated to do, from our having nothing at all like them in our own country. I could have wished it had fallen to his lot to describe this part of the journey himself, as it is not possible

for me to enlarge upon the subject with any effect, it being in a great degree familiar to me, and not imparting that sense of novelty which can alone render any account interesting. Little alteration has taken place in the public buildings since my former visit; many improvements remain unfinished, and not a few in the identical state in which I left them three years ago. The manners and habits of the Parisians bear the same character as usual, though there is an appearance of settlement in the government, which is evident in the laxity with which the police regulations are enforced, compared with the strictness formerly observed: we have seen many political caricatures, as well as other approaches to liberty and confidence.

* * * * *

The flocks of English resorting to the coffee-houses afford us infinite amusement; the gaping wonder of some, and the dilemmas of others: it is astonishing how many come over without any knowledge of the French language, and some to make a stay of considerable duration; the consequences may be easily guessed,—they pay prices which are out of all reason, and coin which they do not understand the value of:—you are bowed to on all sides; a linen draper from

Fleet Street accosts you in the Pantheon, and even the depths of the Catacombs cannot secure you from recognition. Planta's Picture of Paris is a very Alcoran to them : they eat, drink, walk, talk, and I believe sleep according to its directions. We dined the other day at a Restaurateurs recommended by Planta, and lo ! the English swarmed like bees : an enchanter's wand seemed to have been waved over us ; and but for the furniture, and the orders given in French, we might have deemed ourselves in England.

* * * * *

I should have illustrated our economy of time and money, by telling you that we have hitherto dined only once in two days : the wants of the intermediate ones being supplied by fruit, &c. I have pensioned Toward at a neighbouring Restaurateurs, where he breakfasts and dines at his own pleasure, and contrives to make himself remarkably comfortable ; and if there is a person who speaks English within a quarter of a mile, Toward is sure to find him out, and turn his acquaintance to advantage.

Believe me,

my dear madam, &c.

J. T.

TO MR. VOWLER.

Paris, August 26, 1819.

MY DEAR SIR,

IT is certainly a very ill-contrived business that it should fall to my lot to describe Paris in two successive letters, since my narrative must necessarily be less interesting than that of one who sees all the wonders of this great city for the first time, and who, moreover, sees many things which he confesses he had no idea of previously. I fully agree with William, that it is quite impossible to give an adequate idea of the striking spectacles which Paris presents ; and as he has managed to throw the weight on my shoulders, I shall return the compliment, by leaving him to give *his* sketch of last Sunday's excursion to Versailles, and continue my story from Monday morning. Our first point was Notre Dame, the exterior of which is inferior to many of our religious edifices in England, and to those we have already seen in France : its two towers resemble those of Westminster Abbey, but the whole structure is

much smaller; the interior is fine, with broad and lofty aisles, ornamented with much splendour. It is not a little curious to see the cyphers of *Santa Maria* and Louis XVIII. alternated round the railing of the altar, as if—what? the authority was equal:—I greatly suspect that the latter would be found *supreme* at present. Hence we proceeded to the Jardin des Plantes, passing the immense magazines of wood collected on the borders of the river, for the supply of fuel during the winter. At the garden gate I must pause—for it incloses such a wonderful variety of the innumerable productions of nature, presenting such a succession of remarkable objects, that it is difficult even for the memory to pass them in the rapid silent review which our minds often take, without being able to connect the links sufficiently for communication. Imagine an extensive space of ground covered with every variety of tree, plant, and flower, that could be procured to live in this climate—the cedar, the date, the palm, the bread-tree, the maize—of all sizes, and in all states: half of this ground is laid out in regular beds, as a practical school of agriculture—the medicinal, the culinary, the fruit-bearing, and other plants being all properly classified, while the different modes of training, fencing,

preserving, grafting, &c. are also illustrated by numerous specimens arranged for the purpose. The other half of the garden represents a Swiss village, with all its varieties of hill and dale, interspersed with picturesque cottages, altogether à la Suisse : these are inhabited by a great number of exotic animals, and birds of all kinds, who range round their little paddocks in uninterrupted enjoyment : in one corner are confined the monkeys and birds of prey, in another the ferocious animals of the desert, forming a fine collection of lions, tigers, bears, &c.; in another part a labyrinthine ascent conducts to an eminence and monumental temple, whence there is a very fine view of the city. From the garden we proceeded to the Museum of Natural History, which is truly a stupendous assemblage of the productions of the animal and mineral kingdoms : here are preserved all that man knows of the animal creation, from the mighty elephant to the smallest fly. Lectures are read in all the sciences connected with natural history, so that the establishment contains within itself all that is necessary for these studies. I need not say that there is nothing in England which can in any way be put in competition with it. Toward was with us in this excursion, and was uncommonly struck

with it. I do not know whether you are informed that he is the only regular journalist of the party; but I assure you he takes care to procure accurate information as to the spelling of the names of the places we pass through and visit, &c.

* * * * *

Yesterday evening we went to the Thuilleries to hear the concert given from the gallery, it being the eve of the Fête of St. Louis. This exhibition is extraordinary in every way; the effect of the music performed by all the best musicians in Paris, vocal and instrumental, is most enchanting; while the silence prevailing among the thousands of auditors who crowd the terrace is scarcely less surprising: I think I may safely say there were thirty thousand persons assembled in the gardens, whose attention manifested their sense of the power of music, and of the excellence of that particular performance. The next morning, which was the Jour-de-Fête, we made the ascent of Montmartre, remarkable for its commanding view over Paris, and for being the scene of action when the Allies took the city in 1814. Here we breakfasted, and then mounted the telegraph which is placed on a tower erected on the ruins of an ancient abbey; from this place the prospect is delightful, embracing a near and dis-

tinct view of the city, and an extensive one of the country around. The keeper of the telegraph had been one of Buonaparte's soldiers, and afforded us no little amusement by his attempted palliations of the Russian campaign; he gave us also all the particulars of the Battle of Paris, and took some pains to convince us that it *might* have been defended.

* * * * *

We now turned to the Elysian Fields whither all Paris was pouring to enjoy the amusements prepared for them:—a most singular scene here presented itself; the ground was covered with stalls vending all kinds of cakes, and gingerbread, and fruit in abundance, of which you will judge when I tell you that we bought eight fine large peaches for tenpence. Down the principal avenue were placed stages for the distribution of provisions; from some were thrown bread, and meat wrapped in paper, sausages, &c. while wine was poured from others, which the scrambling crowd collected in vessels of all sorts. In other parts were placed two temporary theatres, in which small pieces were occasionally played; orchestras for dancing; rope-dancers; tumblers; and high poles greased, to the summit of which numbers endeavoured to climb for the sake of

prizes; these constituted the principal amusements of the day: in the evening all the public offices were illuminated; the palace-gardens blazed with light, and in the Elysian Fields every tree bore its tributary candle. The fireworks were the grand attraction, and so immense was the concourse of people surrounding the spot, that it appeared as if the whole of Paris was there concentrated; yet with all this, so spacious is the area, and so excellently is every thing arranged, that there was not the slightest danger, nor any of that terrific crushing which characterizes our popular exhibitions.

* * * * *

Believe me, dear Sir, &c.

J. T.

=====

TO —

Vitot, Department de Cote d'Or, Sept. 4, 1819.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

* * * * *

TUESDAY morning, at six o'clock, we bad adieu to the Hotel de Suède, and repaired to the starting-place on our formidable expedition

of eight days and a half, which we could not but look forward to as rather a “*triste affaire* ;” at all events the commencement was ominous, for we found that some of the passengers had obtained grace for an additional hour, which by a series of accidents and manœuvres was converted into three, during which time we were obliged to saunter about, thinking of the miseries that flapped their raven-wings around us. At length the party was complete, and a curious one it was. In the interior of the machine (a very decent-looking old-fashioned coach, adorned with lots of luggage) were Toward ; a Swiss “*Demoiselle*” (I quote the word because I do not wish to be responsible for its correctness) returning from London, and proclaimed as speaking English ; a French woman with a child of three years old ; a French watchmaker going to Geneva ; and a young Englishman, named Wylie, also going there to finish his education. In the cabriolet, a sort of large coachbox covered, we were seated ; and in front of that, viz. on our knees, protected only by the leathern apron, the conductor of the machine ; this personage presented a most unpromising appearance,—his countenance and figure resembling those of a wild Indian, with the addition of a tobacco-pipe

which seemed to be in constant requisition : our prospect was still farther heightened by the exposition of a dog's head in the aforesaid cabriolet, also announced as our companion ; we were told, indeed, that his presence was necessary to take care of the carriage at night, so that we were obliged to submit. Under these auspices we began our journey, and, in addition to our other comforts, found that the regular pace of the vehicle was about four miles an hour, so that if any of us felt disposed to walk to Geneva, we should run no risk of being left behind : nevertheless we departed in excellent spirits, which improved as some of our anticipations brightened ; the conductor and his dog chose to walk generally, and we gradually became habituated to the slow march of the machine. The country for the first day was uninteresting, and we hailed the halting-place for the night with great satisfaction ; it was a considerable place, named Melun, and after a supper of bread, wine, and fruit, we turned into some comfortable beds. On Wednesday morning we were called at four, and proceeded on our journey at five ; the country gradually became more interesting ; the vineyards began to reappear, and the presence of a good river, the Yonne, added not a little to the beauty of the

route : we lodged for the night at Sens, where there was a large fair, which gave us an excellent opportunity of viewing the country amusements. A beautiful cathedral attracted our immediate notice, and on entering it we were much struck by its grandeur; it was rich in stained glass beautifully ornamenting the windows, and shedding a glorious tint throughout the building; a superb monument to the Dauphin, father of the present king, adorned the centre; the sculpture was of the finest order, and the design excellent. The next morning, Thursday, we rose at three, to perform what is called a grande journée; we travelled through an increasingly interesting country, abounding in vines, until seven in the evening, when we reached Auxerre, a very nice town, pleasantly situated on the Yonne. On Friday our journey began altogether to assume a more agreeable character; the weather, which had been hitherto rainy and dull, cleared up, and the continual occurrence of lofty hills gave a pleasing variety to the scene : we lost the vines, but the changes of country compensated for the deficiency. The evening brought us to Rouvray, which we found a very mediocre place, though abounding in amusement: the bustle our arrival occasioned in the kitchen was highly ludicrous,

and the din was tremendous. I began this letter yesterday at Vitot, continued it last night at a place called Pont Panni, and am now finishing it at Dijon, in a public room: we have yet to see the town, and our time is almost expired, so adieu.

J. T.

TO —

Mont-sous-Vaudrey, Department of the Jura,
Sept. 10, 1819.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

My last letter was concluded in such haste that I hardly know if it was intelligible, and I can have no hope of its being interesting: I think I mentioned sleeping at Rouvray, which was only distinguished by its noise and confusion. I have just seen William's memorandum on the subject; it is most expressive, being simply—" *a confounded noise in the kitchen.*" On Saturday morning we advanced through the same kind of country, viz. a series of hills continually undulating:—one ascent which we made in the after-

noon continued for at least three leagues, during great part of which we were gratified by the sight of some fine ruins of an old castle in the vicinity : immediately after we began a descent nearly as steep and long as the hill we had climbed. All the progression of twilight took place before we reached the place of our destination ; the clouds assumed their brightest evening hues ; the sun descended in glorious splendor ; and the moon, just at the full, rose with a brightness and size to which we were unaccustomed in England. Our place of rest was an inconsiderable village called Pont Panni, where we fared as usual ; the night was as lovely as could be imagined ; a second but a softer day seemed to have risen upon the world, and the mighty heaven was one expanse of blue light, save where her silver lamp hung glittering in the arch ; altogether, it was one of the finest effects we have witnessed.

* * * * *

You would be surprised to observe how much we have improved upon this apparently formidable journey, or rather how it has improved upon us : our anticipations and mountain-hunting keep our minds on the *qui vive*, and habit has reconciled us to the various annoyances which threatened us so fiercely at setting out. Our companion,

Wylie, affords us considerable amusement; he is a good-tempered young man, has received a good education, and possesses about the usual quantum of thought at seventeen; his manners are very easy, and his *French* of the *véritable English* manufacture; his sympathies and antipathies are very diverting, being always in the superlative, and never before equalled: among the former are the two daily meals which we obtain; and among the latter are the interminable straight roads in the heart of France; and the inside of the coach in which he is destined to remain, except when he takes the alternative of marching through the mud, which he frequently does in a sort of desperation, though on account of the heat and the heavy rains that have fallen, this is infinitely worse than the voiture.

(St. Laurent, *on the Jura*, 7th.) It is high time for me to proceed with my narrative, or I shall be compelled to resign the task in despair; you will guess the reason from the date of this portion of my letter. After leaving Mont-sous-Vaudrey yesterday, we were soon in sight of the chain of the Jura, which we were rapidly approaching: its appearance at this time scarcely merited the appellation of mountains, though some ambitious peaks, as we drew nearer, laid

strong claim to the title. The little town of Poligny was in sight two hours before we reached it, situated in a hollow, on the other side of which rose a chain of bold and lofty crags, whose extent and abruptness produced an imposing effect. On our arrival the heavens seemed to promise a magnificent sunset; William, Wylie, and myself therefore rushed up the nearest crag: with respect to the sun we were disappointed, but another scene compensated amply for it; reaching a peak at least four hundred feet above the level of the town, we found a large amphitheatre of crags rising behind, in various grotesque and cliff-like forms, of a grey colour, and many perpendicular; between these the road ascending from the town wound through a lofty valley richly cultivated with grapes and vegetables; the vines were seen climbing the cliffs in all directions, and the air of perfect peace and elevation above the world, made a powerful impression upon us; we termed it the Happy Valley, in imitation of that in Rasselias: the view of the town was altogether panoramic, and of the country we had passed through, very extensive. We descended to an early supper, and rose this morning before four o'clock to make the ascent, which we began by the brilliant light of the

moon and a crowd of stars. Passing through the Happy Valley, we perceived at once that all the beauties of mountain scenery were opening upon us ; our road was of course steep and extremely serpentine, and by daylight, the whole world below, with its morning mists, seemed like a vast sea, upon which the distant cottages glittered like ships upon the ocean : the track though frequently having only one immense wall of rocks on one side, and a tremendous chasm on the other, is broad and good. As we advanced the scene became more and more extraordinary ; the lower world was lost to us ; ours was all hills, and firs, and sky ; all the peaks around were crowned with pine-firs, but the vallies were fertile in vegetation, and spotted with cottages and grazing cattle. A considerable town, Champignole, furnished us with an excellent breakfast, and after leaving it, our situation became every moment more romantic : while we were walking in advance, a snowy peak at an immense distance attracted our notice—it was—the Great St. Bernard ! at what distance I am at present ignorant : I cannot stop to describe feelings or recall events—these must be left to less interrupted hours. After some time, we perceived our road in advance winding round an abrupt rock which formed

its wall on one side, while on the other was a deep ravine covered with firs, and in the centre of which a small stream rushed over the rocks beneath, with an effect truly delightful: we ascended on foot, taking a shorter path among the woods, and on reaching the summit were amply repaid for the labour of climbing; the whole of our preceding route on the mountain opened upon us, but interrupted at intervals by the hollows that concealed its course; in some places there seemed an actual barrier, so that had we not passed it, we could not have conceived a communication possible. The aspect of population and fertility in these elevated regions is beautiful; the cattle are grazing upon peaks which still seem lofty to us, though we are already so high; trees, shrubs, and flowers spring from the fissures of a rocky surface that would seem to defy all vegetation; and the falls of the mountain-streams that spring into the unfathomable depths of the ravines, with such romantic effects, turn the mills which employ the attention of the inhabitants of this extraordinary region: no less extraordinary is it to find considerable towns, such as the one we are now in; to-night we shall sleep at another, still upon the Jura, and to-morrow, I understand, we are to be

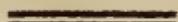
elevated yet higher, before our descent upon Geneva.

* * * *

Lake Leman—the Alps—Mont Blanc—the City—Switzerland—all are before us, and I hope at this time to-morrow evening to be safely lodged in Geneva.

And now farewell,

J. T.



TO HIS FRIEND GEORGE.

Geneva, September 11, 1819.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

THE public news from England we receive by a number of channels, and of course assuming different shapes; but I assure you there is a general interest felt here in the affairs of England, and it was only yesterday we had a long conversation with a Swiss coachman upon the merits of Mr. Hunt and the riot at Manchester. But to leave all these things, and come at once to the really formidable task of giving you an

idea of what we have seen: I must tell you, however, that I feel it to be a futile endeavour to convey in this manner any impressions which may have arisen.

Within the last few days all kingly palaces, and gilded domes, and pomp and gorgeousness of men have sunk from before our eyes, “like the baseless fabric of a vision;” the empire of the mountains is our only sovereignty, and he who does not feel its potency is fit only for the monarchies of France and Spain. I shall commence at the foot of the Jura, where the sense of mountain-scenery begins, where the romance of our journey had its birth, and every moment produced new enchantments to astonish and confound.

The ascent takes place from a small town called Poligny, situated commodiously under some lofty cliffs, which, when we had gained them, were receiving the last tints of the setting sun: we climbed the most accessible—the sun went down, but not so magnificently as we had anticipated, though the prospect we commanded was sufficient to excite the most lively emotions. France lay before us, a vast and cultivated plain; the distant Soane now borrowed the light of heaven to mark its course; the road we had

passed stretched almost to the horizon; the vesper-bells of the scattered villages rung through the air; while immediately below us, Poligny, with its hum of men, and rattling carriages, seemed like the last memento of a world of which we appeared to have attained the verge: on the other side, crag rose above crag, sometimes in bold, abrupt, white masses, and sometimes covered with verdure to their summits; a road wound through a valley enclosed by these heights, where cottages and grazing cattle presented the very image of pastoral tranquillity: the whole effect was beautiful—but I must pass on.

The next morning we began the ascent by moonlight, in perpetual windings through the valley I have just mentioned, and on the plain which formed its summit, enjoyed all the wonders of rising day: the mounting sun, the escaping dews, and “life on earth and splendor in the sky:”—soon every feature of mountain scenery broke upon us; dark forests of firs climbed the crags that seemed to enclose us on every side, now rising in tremendous majesty above us, and now rooted in some deep ravine below, bringing their summits to the level of our path: shrubs, flowers, and wild fruit-trees sprung from the interstices of the grey rock that seemed the only

soil of the place. The mountain rills murmured along the defiles, leaping into occasional daylight, and not unfrequently turned by the hand of man to the purposes of industry. Over the whole of the Jura, cottages are seen in every direction, some in absolute solitude, and on dismal peaks that appeared almost inaccessible; others cluster into villages, and even towns, where a favorable situation offers. In the course of the morning we saw the Great St. Bernard with its hoary top, rising in snowy majesty afar: and mark—its base is in Italy! Our road was a continual alternation of hill and vale, though our course gradually attained a higher elevation: towards the afternoon we had another remarkably precipitous ascent, bordering a ravine of great depth; and in the evening we had an equally romantic descent into the valley and town of Morez, perhaps the most extraordinary place we had yet seen: viewed from the hill by which we descended, it had the appearance of a place cut off entirely from the surrounding world, seated in a narrow defile, between two lines of lofty mountains, down which ran the streams which supplied the vale, and were converted to a thousand uses: it was a perfect model—a spot of imagination and not of reality. We entered and

found all bustle and activity; travellers arriving in both directions, and every semblance of life and prosperity. In the morning we left it, by the longest ascent we had yet encountered, and which cost us nearly two hours to gain the summit of, but which was equally romantic and interesting when gained. About the middle of the day we breakfasted at La Vattay, a lone house upon the mountain, and from thence still ascended through the same kind of scenery. We had repeatedly observed that there appeared to be no world beyond the Jura; we were always climbing hills, and yet more rose continually above us; we were just in this situation, looking at the road which completely vanished at a near corner, when the driver pointed out a long descent as our road, and which we saw distinctly to an immense depth. Our eyes were fixed on this path, while the carriage was slowly turning the corner; suddenly the driver exclaimed, "I am wrong!" and on turning round, a prospect too magnificent to be described—a sight that, like an avalanche, swept away all "trivial fond records," confounded our every faculty; the Alps were before us!—Mont Blanc, the monarch of mountains, towered into the unclouded sky, like the relic of some icy world: the effect it is im-

possible to give ! it was near us—it was above us : our mountains, the Jura, seemed to bow before it, while the opening through which we viewed it, appeared like a mighty convulsion that had rent the cliffs asunder at the beck of a superior being. The carriage rolled on, and as soon as we were sufficiently collected we attempted to discover other objects of interest in the vale below. Here the scene was scarcely less confounding ; between the Jura and the Alps lay the plain of Geneva, Lake Leman, and the Rhone ; but all at such an astonishing depth, that we were wholly at a loss to comprehend the scene. I can give you no better idea of it, than by telling you it resembled exactly the map of a gentleman's estate, in which the divisions of the fields are simply black lines. Lake Leman, which is narrow here, seemed like a small blue stream,—all, all was wonderful ! the sense of elevation, and yet of debasement—the stillness—the sublimity—the beauty—and the novelty of the scene, can only be conceived by being witnessed. Our descent was beautiful in the extreme, and its contrast to the opposite scene, added to its effect ; the same spirit of peace and fertility prevailed ; bright spots of verdure, the scattered cottages, the browsing cattle with their tinkling bells, the

fir-clad crags, all that we had hitherto admired, were still admirable, and held their place in the mind: we walked down the mountain, and saw the landscape magnify upon us, and unroll its beauties as we approached.

The city of Geneva at length began to sparkle in the sun; the blue waters of the lake widened under the ridge of Alps, till our descent concealed it from view. We now rolled through a fertile and picturesque country, passing Ferney, the abode of Voltaire (about whom I did not care one straw), till we entered Geneva. It is of little consequence, to describe the town to you; it is ugly, old, and dirty. The Rhone runs through it in two branches, and is truly of a most beautiful clear blue color, or properly a sulphuric green, and rushes from the lake with surprising rapidity. The environs of the town are altogether beautiful, commanding views of the surrounding mountains, the lake, and the vineyards, that flourish on its banks: the darkened Jura, or the snowy Alps—one or other is always in sight, as the intervening step to the unclouded sky that extends its blue canopy over the whole scene.

Yesterday morning we rode to Coppet, the seat of Madame de Staël, beautifully situated on the northern bank of the lake, about eight miles

from the town; we had a charming ride to it, and reposed ourselves in the grounds, which are simple and secluded: the house is large and good, but we did not obtain entrance. On our return, we had a good view of Diodati, the residence of Lord Byron: this is on the southern side of the lake, upon an eminence, about half a mile from its shores, and the prospect which it commands is very extensive. All this I shall be much better able to enlarge upon when I see you; in fact my time is getting very short, for we have just made an engagement to quit Geneva in an hour or two for—Italy! Do not start at the word, which is almost a Bobadil, since we scarcely set foot in it. In plain terms we are going to pass the Simplon, by the far-famed road which Napoleon made: this will give us a view of the Italian plains, independent of its own wonders which are numerous.

Yesterday evening we walked to see the junction of the Rhone and the Arve, which is a singular sight: the waters of the latter are dark and muddy, and so great seems the repugnance of the two rivers to mingle their streams, that for some distance they divide the channel between them; the Rhone pursuing its rapid course with all its native dignity and lustre. On our return

we were delighted at beholding the rose-tints with which the setting sun tinges the snowy Alps, and which you will remember to have been noticed by Byron.

And now, my dear friend, it only remains for me to assure you that your name has been often on our lips, especially in these regions of enchantment; you were with us soon after our first view of Mont Blanc, and made one of a select groupe, whom we cordially wished could have witnessed it with us; we have drank your health in a bottle of Champaigne, the result of a geographical wager, by way of special acknowledgment for your letter; mine is a shorter one, but you will not believe the feeling less vivid than that which dictated yours. At once therefore I subscribe myself (*and from Switzerland*),

your very sincere friend,

J. T.

TO —

Charleville, October 6, 1819.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I DARE say you will think it very odd when I tell you that I sincerely regret having the opportunity of addressing you some days earlier than I expected, but I am sure you will sympathise with us when I relate the cause; the fact is, we are shut up here for the whole day, for want of a conveyance to carry us to Brussels, from which place I hoped and intended to write to you, with all the pleasurable feelings arising from the prospect of a speedy flight over the channel, and then by sundry roads, lanes, and other highways to St. Paul's Church Yard. As it is, we are still lingering on the French frontier, and after working very hard to reach Brussels as a point where we might almost feel the air of Britain, behold I am reviving the old story of

“ Having nothing else to do,
I am writing unto you ; ”

and where? why in the suburb or dependence of a dirty frontier town, at least twenty-four hours sharp travelling from Brussels. To come to the point, we arrived here last night two hours after the coach had departed; and after fretting, consulting, bargaining, and marching into Mezieres before seven o'clock this morning, we find that here we must stop till seven this evening, when we are to set off for Givet, our last town in France, and then get to Brussels as we can. It is true we had the alternative of travelling post in an open cart, with the probability of arriving to-night at Givet after the gates were shut; and be it known to you that a fortified frontier is a very awkward thing when a man is in a hurry, and may perchance give him the open air for a bed-room, if he should happen to be star-gazing or what not. But it is time to assume the historian, and detail our exertions to arrive at this place, where we expected our difficulties would end, instead of stopping our march altogether. William's last dispatch left us I believe at Strasbourg, where we had taken places in the mail for Metz, being then uncertain at what point we should enter the Netherlands: this was on Sunday morning, and after putting the aforesaid letter in the post, we had just time to repair to the

cathedral, where we witnessed a most curious spectacle, illustrative of the state of religion in these parts. The different troops forming the garrison were assembling to hear mass, and actually marched into the church with bayonets fixed, and covered heads; they ranged themselves in lines along the nave, and whilst the little silver bell of the priest announced the performance of service at one of the side altars, the word of military command resounded through the edifice, and the clash of arms upon the pavement, seemed to convert the place into a barrack: the drums were thundering without, and, when we left, more and more soldiers were filing into the cathedral.

At half past twelve we were seated in the mail, which is the most comfortable machine for travelling in France; it is a large and heavy chariot, holding three persons with ease, with a cabriolet in front, which contains one other besides the “courier” or “conducteur.” It travels post, and goes at the rate of seven miles an hour: fortunately we had this vehicle to ourselves, except for about two hours, and as Toward rode outside, we found the concern altogether “*comme il faut.*” The country between Strasbourg and Metz is extremely flat and unin-

teresting, that after borrowing William's memory to assist my own, I cannot find any thing worthy of notice: the only variety was that nuisance of a custom-house, where our baggage was searched for the third time since leaving Basle; between Basle and Strasbourg we had been visited twice in one day, and now, although we had not quitted the kingdom, although travelling under the guidance of a sworn servant of the government, and notoriously coming from a place which we could not have entered without examination, the whole farce was acted over again, and I may add to a most crowded audience; for it being Sunday afternoon, the whole village was turned out, and crowding round our portmanteaus during the inspection;—we counted more than seventy persons actually surrounding the officers, and pressing forward to see what the trunks contained. After this an officer got into the coach, and peeped into every hole and corner, to the infinite amusement of your humble servant, who was glad to resume his seat, that he might laugh with greater security. We reached Metz about eight o'clock the next morning, where we halted for four hours, which gave us an opportunity of skimming the town, which is of considerable extent, and bears evident marks of having once been a place of

importance; its consequence is now much diminished, and the Revolution has left a very legible stamp of its influence: the cathedral, which is a fine Gothic structure, is greatly injured; and close to it is a large building, formerly a palace, entirely in ruins. The principal ornaments of the interior of the cathedral are two immense painted windows, in high preservation, and altogether the most magnificent we have yet seen.

The devotees, as usual, afforded us abundance of matter: one of the Lancasterian schools attended to hear mass, and the boys, in number about three hundred, were ranged in files below the altar; on the steps, immediately opposite the altar, stood the beadle of the church, with a halbert in one hand and a cane in the other; on his head a military hat and feather; a scarlet uniform and sword; in figure, dress, and attitude, looking like a centinel, or a scarecrow, or any thing but what he was. In one corner was an image of some saint with no less than seventy candles actually burning before it, by which we concluded that the reputation of the aforesaid saint must be very great: close to it was an old woman on her knees, muttering lots of prayers, but spying us, she frisked up with great alacrity,

and began to implore our charity most devoutly : being, however, unsuccessful, the old dame fell to work again, first violently kicking out of her way (in illustration of her own charitable feelings) a little dog who threatened to interrupt her devotions : the whole scene was a fine illustration of the spirit and influence of catholic ceremonials, and I should add, that whilst all this was going on, the bricklayers and plasterers were repairing the opposite aisle.

* * * * *

On arriving here, at ten o'clock last night, we made a host of agreeable discoveries, viz. that there was no coach going forward in the morning; that there was none at any time direct to Brussels ; that it would take at least two days to get there if we hired a carriage ; and that we must go back to Mezieres to make the necessary inquiries : accordingly we marched thither early this morning, and made an attack upon the postmaster, which terminated as I have before related. The loss of a day at this period is a crying grievance, but we must work hard and make the Napoleons fly in order to overtake Time : by the by we shall want an easterly wind early in next week, and I beg you will all wish, during the whole of Monday and Tuesday, for a comfortable sharp breeze, bound like ourselves for England.

We stepped into the principal church of Mezieres this morning ; it is very ancient, but contains nothing remarkable except a large *black* image of the Virgin, having a *white* Infant in her arms ! “ Oh ! the simplicity of these people,” as Toward says, when they fill his tea-pot with cold water. We had two companions of singularly opposite characters yesterday afternoon in the coach ; the one was a sister of charity or religieuse, whose occupation is to attend the sick poor, and the other was a retired officer who had served under Napoleon. With the latter we had a good deal of curious conversation, which I have not left myself room to relate ; it was mainly on the old topic, the downfal of Napoleon, which he explained in the usual way that the French account for the affair—treachery within, and an overwhelming force without. But—enter plates and dishes—so here must end my letter.

J. T.

TO HIS FRIEND GEORGE.

London, Friday Evening, Nov. 26, 1819.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

ALTHOUGH it is nearly a week since I received your letter, you will, I am sure, give me due credit when I tell you that this is the first moment of leisure I could devote to the pleasing occupation of replying to your missive. My mornings, you know, are occupied with my grand operations, which I beg you will consider as the thirteenth labour of Hercules, and my evenings you shall have in order;—Monday, St. Paul's; Tuesday, Athenæum; Wednesday, St. Paul's (special); Thursday, Alsop; Friday, sitting by a cheerful fire writing to George Fisk—and truly a man must have no other companion than his fire when he sits down to answer such a letter as yours—unless the letter be *misdirected*, which is not the case in the present instance, as I hope to prove; and if I can show myself able to sympathize and return the ardent and peculiar feelings which you have there given way to, I

shall be satisfied that I am not quite unworthy to stand by the side of him who gave them birth. I can understand the sensations you would experience on finding yourself once more among the scenes of your childhood, after passing through that period of life which is in all respects its most interesting stage—when all the stores of the soul are opened and applied—when the great treasury of the good and ill that attend our lives is generally unlocked, and our minds take a hue which lasts even unto age, and not unfrequently tinges all the objects that engage our attention. I rejoice to see that you look back upon the past with that warm feeling of pleasure which you evince, for in truth it contains so little to excite an opposite sensation, that it is but a handsome acknowledgment of your obligations: your cares, your vexations, your disappointments, have been neither numerous nor very oppressive, and—they are gone—leaving you to enter the world hand in hand with Hope, and with a consciousness of right within that would defy a host of obstacles.—Remember, I am speaking of your *heart*, and not of your *nerves*. You know I am a disciple of Memory, who binds me by the best of all ties—gratitude; and though the moralist may find her reign is but

the monarchy of dreams, yet they are certainly more valuable than the uncertain will-of-the-wisp visions of the future ; we can say *these things have been*—and we know that our recollections of good and of evil are not mere barren relics ; their influence steals silently into the heart, and grows like the ivy on the ruined wall, breathing a moral and a joy that will not fade. Our life is made up of dreams—the past and the future—the imagination and the heart—all have their dreams, and we become the sport of shadows. The *practicals* who laugh at their influence, are like ignorant country apothecaries, who know not what the disease is they pretend to cure. They have “ the tyranny of pleasure and of pain ;” they are either friends whom we cannot sufficiently repay, or foes whom we cannot conquer. But *I am bound to the past, I owe the future nothing.*

In turning to that part of your letter which refers to your connexion with myself, I scarcely know how to answer you,—to express the feelings to which that effusion of the heart has given rise—to convey in fitting language what my own bosom prompts me to say. I never do or will employ terms that go beyond the feelings excited ; but if a habitude that seeks only truth and sincerity should make me seem scrupulous,

when no caution, no limitation is required, and no charge of insincerity can be incurred, I must plead to those friends who know my heart, to trust that it truly and affectionately responds to those warm feelings that form its happiness and pride. What you have said of me is indeed gratifying to a degree of oppression, but I know that it proceeds from a soul incapable of flattery, and I take it as the delightful testimony of a friendship, pure and unbounded, whose overflowings place us side by side, upon an eminence, with equal honour and gratification. I cannot certainly say with you, George, that you were my *first* friend; but in my dominion, seniority does not monopolize all the inheritance, and most cordially can I declare, that you are one of those few who have constituted the happiness of my life. If ever there was a mortal who stood in need of those ties of the heart “ which make us love to live,” (I will not add, “ fear to die,”) it is myself; and if ever mortal was fortunate in the formation of them, as far as they go, it is myself; they are all in all to me; without them, life would have more than the accustomed loneliness of solitude. I live only in the sunshine of friendship, in the affections of my friends,—the highest pleasures I expect to enjoy on this side the grave:

and when I think of *myself*—of what I was, and what I am; of my own feelings, and of the friends who surround me—I cannot but feel that my first duty is gratitude to Him whose creatures we all are; and my second, an endeavour to answer the ardent feelings and expectations of my friends, as the only return I can make for the blessings I receive from them. I may sometimes require their forbearance—my nature and situation are not of the ordinary stamp—but if they can ever truly charge me with coldness, I will sink into the darkness of my soul, and never more seek the light of affection, or the mental charities that are needed by the proudest of men. I shall not go on to apply what I have now said to yourself; your own heart will inform you of what I owe to your friendship: you know also my composition, and many of the secret springs that actuate my opinions and sensations—and I cannot add more to your conviction of the sincerity of my heart, if I were to *protest* in *quarto*, both of which, as you know, are my aversion. I have dwelt so long upon this subject, that I have left but little room for the bundle of scraps which remains, so I must make short work of it.

Now, if you please, we will adjourn to St. Paul's, where you may be sure you are not for-

gotten, either on Monday or any other day. They all desire their kindest remembrances to you, with two or three messages which I shall recollect presently. Oh! one is from my young ladies (and in which I heartily join, be it known to you) who protest against the exercise of sporting; notwithstanding that, the hares were remarkably fine, and as far as *I* know, were eaten with a good appetite: Mr. V. dined with me on the occasion, and joined me in cordial after-dinner acknowledgments to the donor. Nevertheless, you must leave off shooting, or incur an *Anathema Maranatha* from my chancery. I am also desired by the aforesaid ladies to express their regret, that you were absent on the arrival of *Mont-Blanc* and *Lake Leman* in this country: surprising event, was it not?

Will is gone to Bristol; he left on Monday, and will return, I fancy, next week: speaking of journeys, how dare you parody my letters from Switzerland, you impudent piece of parchment! if you do so again, you shall be banished to *Salisbury Plain*, and have no object to gaze upon, “but an *Ass on a Common, or a Goose on a Green.*” How does the country *fit*, after a fortnight’s trial? I should think it must be powerfully attractive at this season of the year; but to

be sure, the society of the Sokens—Humph! *Query.* How many things have I omitted which I ought to have said? Ah, well—it is not worth the reckoning: I may think of some of them ere my next *reply*, which you may occasion as soon as you please. Adieu; believe me to be, most sincerely, your faithful friend,

J. T.

TO HIS FRIEND GEORGE.

London, Dec. 21, 1819.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

I HAVE not replied to your letter so soon as I ought and intended, relying on being able to devote an evening for the purpose; but my head has within these few days given me sundry hints to suspend my evening performances for a season. Not being pleased with this kind of dictation, I applied to M—, but the recreant decided against me: so you must e'en take a letter written under the influence, real and imaginary, of a *black draught*, as he appropriately

styles it, which he has seduced me to take this morning. Argles—if thou shouldst perceive anything lack-a-daisical and qualmish in this my letter missive, thou must attribute it to the tyranny by which I am controlled, and as written under compulsion and restraint, revocable in a brighter mood.

Referring to yours, the first topic of importance that I find in it, is a wide misconstruction of some expressions in my former letter, which I am most anxious to put to rights. How could you imagine that the sentence—"I never employ terms that go beyond the feeling excited"—was a concealed reproof to you for the undisguised manifestation of warm feeling contained in your former letter? Indeed, my dear George, it is far, very far from my wish, that you should control your feelings to any set form of words, or exclude phrases from your communications, which the suggestions of your heart prompt you to use, as the index of its sentiments. I, and all who have been able to form a just estimate of your character, know full well how sincere are the expressions which flow from your heart, and you may rest assured that none will see your correspondence who would be likely to form different conclusions: I trust I may extend this latter ob-

servation to *my own* letters. Do not then suffer any scruples or worldly-qualifying motives, to check the effusions which your free soul would pour forth; and however warm your language may be, the only caution that I would breathe upon the subject is, that you do not use it to persons who are incapable of appreciating its motives and object; the single-hearted are few, and in dealing with those to whom the world has given obliquity of thought, or insensibility, we owe it to our own feelings not to provoke their ridicule, or tempt them to misinterpretation. Few, very few persons know the scope and tone of *my* feelings, and I am sorry to say my *experience* and habits, for which I am not responsible, have given me a reserve and apparent coldness which I fear disguises me even to those before whom I would wear neither disguise nor reserve, nor any thing that should interpose between their regard and myself, who am so much dependant upon *that*, for the happiness I enjoy. The remark which has excited your apprehension (although I do not now remember the context) was only meant to convey the impression of the sincerity I ever wish to be conspicuous in my words and actions: perhaps the remark was altogether unnecessary; for as my expressions are but too

often *under* my feelings, there was the less probability of the caution being required. You, I am sure, will not doubt my sincerity when I say, that whatever I may have said or written of friendship towards yourself, has been but an imperfect transcript of the feeling my heart has cherished; but I shall be satisfied by knowing that your faith supplies the deficiencies of my tongue and pen, and that albeit the *well* is deep, your eye is strong enough to see the *stars* reflected at the bottom. You say it is your misfortune to feel too quickly—true, it is a misfortune; or rather it is one of those wayward spirits, dispensing smiles and tears with the same liberal hand, balancing pleasure against pain in very wantonness, and wrapping its own character in such a shroud, that one knows not whether it be a happiness or a misery. It is a light or a shadow upon the chequer of our lives, as circumstances call it into action, and I should be sorry to lose all chance of its future good, to avoid the certainty of its present evil.

Pr'ythee, George, let me have no more of thy “Philosophy,” for it sitteth not well upon thee—thou hast no pretensions to it—and thou hast written the word as if thou wert afraid of it, glaring upon us like a magnificent twilight spectre.

I am not anxious to be thought a philosopher; and am therefore not in a mood to be benefited by thy instructions; especially as thine are all *precept*, and nothing but a mask to thy graceless example.

You desire me to write you a long letter, but if I do I fear you will not have it this week, for I have been two days struggling thus far, and I am apprehensive the quarrel between me and my head will not terminate without bloodshed; but really to be compelled to *do nothing*, is a nuisance, and I verily believe I cannot be in worse company than when left alone with my imagination.

* * * * *

And now be it known unto you, that while I am taking physic, Will (*our Will*) is taking a *question!! both*, to prevent *corpulence*: he, growing lean upon Pitt's Administration, and I upon Maples's; that the *knife* and *fork* may be a well-matched pair. Oh, fortunate *spoon!* who art at liberty to get as fat as Falstaff, without being interrupted by politics or phlebotomy. Did I say Falstaff? "honest Jack" reminds me of honest Tom, of whom thou inquirest. Well then, T—— has been parleying with manager Bunn about an engagement for him at Birmingham; but, as the manager wants the "ocular proof,"

farther proceedings depend on Tom's capability of making a pilgrimage to Birmingham, for the purpose of being gazed at.

* * * * *

I am now laying close siege to T— and H—, to induce them to commence the printing operations, and I hope to succeed by bribing T— with a cup of tea to-morrow. And now farewell; give my respects to your father and mother, and my congratulations on the return of a season which those who are bound to each other by the ties of friendship or neighborhood never suffer to pass unnoticed. To yourself, I have nothing *new* to say, so you must take the old assurance, that I am, most faithfully, your very sincere friend,

J. T.

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TO GEORGE MILLER, ESQ.

OF PAISLEY.

London, November 29, 1819.

MY DEAR SIR,

FOR once I have given you occasion to complain of silence and delay, as I have been returned some time without having answered

your letter, and I freely consent that this may be placed to my account, though the balance is greatly against you. Have you not broken as many promises as a minister of state, including not a few of reformation for the future ? You see I am prompt to commence the attack upon you, that I may silence your charges against myself; but the truth is, that my anxiety to repair the breach occasioned by my long absence, has, together with the requisitions of friends here, left me but little leisure, and this must be my apology. My first impulse and duty is to acknowledge most thankfully the great trouble you have had on my account in various ways; and I am ashamed to think that you should have been annoyed in such a manner for the gratification of my wishes. With respect to the list of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, if you have not received it, I beg you will not give yourself or Mr. R—— any further trouble about it. I am much obliged to you for the Education Returns, which I intend to lay before the British and Foreign School Society for their consideration.

You will be anxious to hear something of my excursion, which I assure you was most delightful throughout; amid scenery and human varieties of the most interesting kind—enjoyed in beautiful

weather, and unclouded by any disagreeable circumstances worth remembering as such: we were out about nine weeks, during which we scoured over Normandy, Paris, Burgundy, Switzerland, the Vallais, the Rhenish frontier of France, and the Netherlands. We gazed upon Italy, we were in its vallies, we heard its language; but our stay was too transient to consider it as a visited country. To give you any interesting particulars of the tour, in the compass of a letter, is out of the question; but if it will afford you any pleasure to know the course we took, I will tell you that we went from Paris to Geneva; from Geneva through the Vallais to the Simplon, and back to Lausanne; thence to Yverdun and Berne; and then, after a short excursion to the glaciers of Grindelwald, to Basle on the Rhine, to Strasbourg, and so into the Netherlands by Metz, Verdun, Mezieres, and Namur: we then proceeded to Brussels by Waterloo, and then to Antwerp; and descended by Ghent and Bruges to Ostend, where we embarked for England.

In all this, we have seen and done as much as could possibly be expected in the time: Paris, Switzerland, and the cities of the Netherlands, are each worthy of a distinct tour,—we embraced

them all, their various attractions relieved each other in our minds, and their several and opposite impressions will remain with us as long as memory holds her seat unshaken. The mountain scenery of Switzerland is as sublime as untravelled anticipation could suggest; and one scene far exceeded all that our imaginations had dreamed of. This was the first view of Mont-Blanc from the mountains of the Jura, where the whole chain of the Savoy Alps burst upon the view at once, with a grandeur and a strangeness past description. The day was bright and unclouded; every summit was distinctly visible, glittering with eternal snows, in the light of the sun; the lake of Geneva lay below, and its enchanting environs; the contrasted wonders and beauties of the scene made up a whole that has never been equalled in our eyes, and in all probability never will. Of individual wonders we have had plenty; the great road made by Buonaparte over the Simplon is a magnificent work, and the scenery in which it is placed very sublime; the glaciers are astonishing; the avalanches, and indeed all the phenomena of the Alpine regions, are most extraordinary, and make a powerful impression upon those who are unaccustomed to them. The Netherland cities are uncommonly fine, and may

be visited with so little expense of time and money, that I should recommend you a trip to Antwerp next summer.

I do not know how I am to request that I may hear from you *shortly*; I believe I must invoke you by your past offences, which are weighty enough to crush mine into oblivion.

Believe me, &c. &c.

J. T.

TO HIS FRIEND WILLIAM.

Bernard Street, November 10, Anno 3.

MY DEAR LORD,

ACCORDING to agreement, I write to apprise your lordship that I cannot be responsible for more than four tickets, as I have had no further applications since the breaking up of the council. I am sorry to inform your lordship that alarming symptoms of disaffection have been discovered in one of the departments of administration, which may possibly lead to the impeachment of an individual of high rank in the state. Indeed, my lord, these are perilous times, when

revolution stalks abroad under the specious pretence of reform, and aims at nothing less than the destruction of the privileged orders of society. I am sure I need not remind you, as a privy counsellor, that this is at present one of the king's secrets. Should your lordship not be prevented by the duties of your high station, I should be glad to have a private conference with you on the subject, as I must submit the case to his majesty in a day or two. I am,

my dear lord,

very sincerely yours,

TYSON. Chancellor.

P. S. His Majesty has received a letter from Prince Hamlet, Lord Lieutenant of the County of Nottingham, full of loyal regrets that his duties will not permit him to congratulate his majesty, in person, on the anniversary of his happy accession to the throne.

P.P.S. Will your lordship pardon me for reminding you to prepare a spacious anti-room for the reception of the court to-morrow, previous to the opening of the grand saloon?

To William, Count of the Acropolis, Grand

Cross of the Order of the Athenian Owl, Lord
High Steward of Attica, one of His Majesty's
Most Honorable Privy Council, &c. &c. &c.

TO HIS FRIEND WILLIAM. .

Bernard Street, December 27, 1819.

MY DEAR WILLIAM,

I AM very sorry to tell you I cannot possibly be in St. Paul's to-day: I found my head much worse yesterday afternoon at Kennington, the back part being oppressed with a heaviness that I could not get rid of. I therefore determined to march off to M—— at once, and descending from the stage at Ludgate Hill, proceeded thither, fully anticipating farther blood-shed. M—— was however unwilling, and did not consider it necessary; but immediately put me into a coach, and drove me off to Bernard Street, where he administered physic to my throat, and warm water to my feet, all which produced a beneficial effect, and I remain freed from the most disagreeable of the sensations. But, alas!

no egress for *this* day; and his injunctions and his physic, will effectually prevent me the pleasure of meeting my friends, according to hebdomadal custom, and doom me to a double solitude, for so a Monday confinement will seem. To-morrow too—oh dear! what shall I do: I had half resolved (but hush!) to cheat him to night,—but he has me too fast. The creature says he has been too indulgent to me, but that he took compassion on my desolate situation, &c. A fig's end, say I; but where's the use of saying any thing: I can't get out. Cannot you apply a steam-engine to your house and drive West? Toward is coming for medicine, and brings my *Lament*:—I can't get out, I tell you. I must not detain him, but I will say, that the man who asserts my case is not a hard one, is a —————— what? why, an apothecary at least.

Remember me most kindly, but dolefully, to all my friends, and tell them all—I can't get out; and these are the last words of your unhappy cageling,

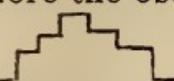
JAMES.

TO HIS FRIEND WILLIAM,
(THEN AT ANTWERP).

London, February 11, 1820.

MY DEAR WILLIAM,

IT is not only according to the accustomed forms of epistolary style, but with cordial sincerity of heart, that I commence with trusting that this will find you in your course, without “scathe or sair,” and making the advantages of your expedition out-balance the unpleasantness of travelling *dans une saison comme ceci*, and of lonely sojourning in a foreign land. For my own part, I have, without actually quitting this good city of London, journeyed with you in all the well-remembered varieties of vehicular conveyance, from the Ghent barge, with its silent gliding, to the Antwerp diligence, rumbling and racketting with ten inside, just crammed at a table d’hôte in Brussels. Then rise all the monstrosities of Flemish architecture before me; the outlandish turrets of Bruges; the forested steeples of Ghent; the elephantine tower of old Mecklin; and the imperial spire of Antwerp. I see once

more the ostade casements in the villages, and the  roofs in the cities : “Tabak te koop” shines over the doors, and the eternal jingle of the Antwerp bells rings in my ears. Well, to be sure, these Dutchmen are not very remarkable for taste, but I hope they admire thy prints, and covet their possession ;—*solutā pecunid*—as we say. Truly it was a rash promise I made of writing to you, seeing that I have nothing to communicate worthy of being sent into “parts beyond sea,” as the old phrase hath it. My life hath passed in its usual course, and you may nearly anticipate its journal. On Monday afternoon I was of course in St. Paul’s, where F—— and I enlivened the party by a couple of headaches (*one each*), which you may suppose were vastly agreeable to all the parties. I was there again yesterday (Wednesday) for a short time, and found all as well as usual. I then proceeded to besiege T— and H—, and carried the fortress without difficulty, owing to the good disposition of the garrison, who immediately took the oath of allegiance, and agreed to my requisition of 750 — sheets of paper, to be furnished in a fortnight, together with the services of sundry devils and other useful agents of war : thus much for the commencement of my campaign, which

should, I think, be recorded in a bulletin of the grand army, *à la mode* Napoleon.

Of public news there is little that is important; his most excellent Majesty is declared free from complaint, and has actually condescended to be reconciled to the Duke of Sussex:—oh! the virtues of phlebotomy! yet a little more, Sir Henry—and all loyal subjects may shout, Long live the Queen.

Sir William Curtis is put forth as a candidate for London, by a host of friends, and mischievous rumour is already busy with the anticipated fate of poor * * * * alias Orator Mum, whose honest and very judicious silence it is thought will give way to the enlightened eloquence of the *poor* baronet. Mr. Hunt is somewhat impatient—the chief justice quite the reverse—and I think deserves canonization more than half the saints in the calendar. The affairs of Spain are still wrapped in a veil of mystery, while we are teased every day with contradictions enough to worry Judge Abbot himself.

* * * *

Adieu—believe me ever most faithfully, &c.

J. T.

TO HIS FRIEND GEORGE.

London, Febury 15, 1820.

How dare you expect, you scurrilous Turk, a letter from me at all? If I thought you were anxiously waiting for news from me, it would only be a just punishment upon your impertinence, to throw down the pen and put the paper into the fire. You, a pettifogging parish attorney—but there is the secret; you have become so familiar with stocks and whipping-posts that you want to lavish their favors on all your friends: I have a great mind to prosecute you for practising without a license, and then we should see what would become of your law. You say, how do I know that your letter was not written from the foot of Mont-Blanc? because that would have brought you to your senses, if any thing could effect that desirable object: so, if you follow my advice, you will set off without delay for Switzerland—and yet, you comical rascal, I have laughed as much at what you have *not* said, as at what you have, which is

infinitely to your advantage, as I might otherwise have out-tickled you Master Stephen.

Now I dare say, you prince of parish whippers, that you are wondering what has become of your anticipated exaltation at * * * but be it known to your sublimity, that you must wait some few days longer before either yea or nay is vouchsafed to you ; so that if you do not obtain the situation of parish beadle in the mean time, (for which you seem anxious to qualify yourself) you may write sonnets to Suspense, and send them to the London Magazine.

* * * * *

And now presenting (but not as a matter of course) the kind remembrances of all thy friends within my reach, I subscribe myself once more, &c. &c.

J. T.

TO GEORGE MILLER, ESQ.
OF PAISLEY.

London, February 16, 1820.

MY DEAR MILLER,

I HAD resolved to devote this morning to you, and to usher myself once more into your presence, after a tremendous absence, when Mr. V—— informed me that he had received a letter from you, containing some very natural inquiries, as to whether I were yet an inhabitant of this sublunary world; and truly your letter to me bearing date the 12th of December, has lain unanswered for such an incredible period, that you might reasonably entertain doubts upon the subject, if your faith in my friendship were sufficiently strong to prevent your entertaining fears of another description. The cause however is soon explained—indisposition, and that of a very annoying character in my situation. Within a few days from the receipt of yours, I found a strong determination of blood to the head, with all the unpleasant symptoms attendant upon plethora, which soon rendered medical advice

necessary. The result was, that I was speedily deprived of twenty-eight ounces of blood, and otherwise reduced. From these measures I certainly found relief, but another evil has arisen, which though not of an alarming nature, has been scarcely less fatal to my habits and pursuits. This was a nervous affection of the head, which refusing to yield to blisters, lotions, and such-like remedies, has most severely taxed my patience, in compelling me to refrain from writing, and all kinds of mental exertion. The month of January passed almost entirely in idleness, but under existing circumstances, as I will presently explain, it was impossible such a state of being should continue. The sensations are now much better, though by no means removed, and from the necessity of occupation, I fear they will continue to be my companions until the summer or sweet rest shall emancipate me from them. The fact is, my book is gone to press, while at the same time a considerable portion is yet unwritten, and I expect at least six months hard work before it can be completed; so that my brain is likely to have quite as much occupation as it can bear. It must necessarily be a point with me, to write as little as possible beyond what is absolutely necessary; and as this

has been already the plea for long silence, so, alas! must it be for continuing to be a bad correspondent, until more favorable times. When I tell you that you will not hear from me often, I do it with the confidence that I am addressing one who will believe that my inclination has no share in my silence, and that my regard for him cannot suffer by its operation. I hope you will remember that I shall always be most happy to hear from you, and you may be assured that I shall not let a favorable opportunity of replying escape me.

I could not help being amused and astonished by your account of your industry and exertions at the Institution, which I really think owes you a great deal: how you possibly find time to attend to so many, and such laborious pursuits, I cannot comprehend; and with the experienced caution of an invalid, I must warn you not to over-inform your brain, lest you forfeit that health which is of more importance to you than all the lights, or reputation of science.

Of public news I have little worth communicating; the infancy of the new reign puts all things into suspense; I do not think it will be an auspicious one: we are already menaced with a revival of the old family quarrel bursting forth,

even before our discreet, decent, and pious sovereign is buried. The ministers had nearly gone out yesterday, in consequence of violent discussions about the Queen.

My reading at present is confined to the works necessary to my researches, and light publications—by the way, look out in the magazines for my announcement; it is in the London Magazine for this month, the British Critic, &c. I see I have forgotten to answer your question about craniology: I am not a convert to its fancies, which I consider as connected with that philosophy which has been thrust forth in the present day, reviving the old errors of materialism under new and specious shapes.

Believe me ever, &c. &c.

J. T.

TO GEORGE MILLER, ESQ.
OF PAISLEY.

London, May 7, 1820.

MY DEAR MILLER,

* * * * *

AT present I am involved in the old affair: I am under the surveillance of the high

police of the publisher and printer, and for some cause or other am actually kept to hard labor. I think of procuring a medical certificate to enable me to visit the sea-shore for about a week in August, otherwise I shall remain in durance until the commencement of winter: so much for the honors of authorship. I wish I could answer your kind inquiries as to my health with satisfaction to you and myself; but at present I am far from well; I have an affection of the lungs, produced by the fluctuations of this treacherous climate, and a blister, which I put on the other night, does not seem to have assisted me much. The weather is still cold and changeable, and I fear that little is to be done till kindly Summer lends her aid: would she were here! for confinement does me harm, and the air is prohibited, so that I have no resource but to submit with patience.



I am aware of the advantage which the disturbances in your radical town have given, in our argument about the Six Acts, as they are emphatically styled; but I am still so suspicious of the men to whom these extra powers have been given, that I shall much rejoice if they are allowed quietly to expire. There is a spirit of military

encroachment at head quarters, which requires almost as much watching as the radicals, and if the state of the country be strictly inquired into, it will be found that so much of the blame rests ultimately with the government, that it is high time to reform the system—and that will be the end of it—mark me. I am not a radical, except in the opinion that all abuses should be rooted out if possible, but I am an enemy to all theoretical constitutions. Time makes the best governments, if the weeds be not suffered to injure the structure.

Believe me, &c.

J. T.

TO HIS FRIEND GEORGE.

London, May 14, 1820.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

I CAN assure you that I fully expected to hear from you within the space of a few days, and I am glad that your better disposition overcame the previous ungracious resolution of not writing soon because you had written a letter to Will long enough for us both, notwithstanding

that you knew yourself to be over head and ears in debt to me. I beg therefore you will duly appreciate my condescension in returning you an answer so soon. I do not know, by the bye, (for it is fair to let you have both sides of the story) that you would have heard from me just yet, but that my regular and oppressive occupation has been interrupted by a pitched battle with a violent hoarseness, which gives me an excuse for a little languor, and an opportunity of exchanging the history of Spain for a tilt at your worship. Here goes—charge. What do you mean, you owlish fellow, by giving me such a dose of transcendental philosophy? Have you heard from Allsop with an inclosure from Coleridge? I cannot otherwise account for such a volume of smoke, unless, indeed, the devil has been with you, having great wrath,—though that is no reason why his wrath should extend to me also. Seriously, my mind being somewhat in a relaxed state, I cannot follow your reasoning, and can only say that I perfectly agree with your object and your conclusion. You resolve to be the happiest fellow in the world, a most magnanimous and proper resolution, and if I understand your arguments rightly, you are in a fair way of succeeding, provided you can get rid of

some favorite companions of yours ycleped *blue devils*, whose opposition you do not appear to have taken into account. You conclude that most of our evils are imaginary—true, in the abstract, but they are not the less evils, they have not less power; they are a very considerable part of our existence, and they are not to be overcome by the mere knowledge that they are imaginary. Admitting that they are so, the opposing *good* must be so too, and if we can teach ourselves to conquer the one by indifference, we shall suffer apathy to steal the enjoyments of the other. Our nature, mixed as you describe it, was formed to receive the impressions of good and evil, and these are pretty equally distributed. The poor are generally subject to what we call real evils, and their lot is described as one of suffering and shadow: but the rich have their proportion, and though they be mental or imaginary, they can inflict as keen an agony as the more external class: they have the power of torture and of death, and they are so interwoven with our hearts, that it requires no inconsiderable struggle to subdue them, when duty requires us so to do.

Time lightens the weight of evil, and diminishes the shades of sorrow, but it is not good

for man that he should forget them altogether : this indeed is not within his reach ; he can neither determine to remember, nor to forget. In our world, the remembrances of sorrow mingle with the recollections of joy, and he who strives to shut them from his mind, does not make the best use of his experience. Fortitude is a valuable quality both in pleasure and pain, and he who so tempers its use, that it neither leans to stoical indifference on the one hand, nor to passionate weakness on the other, stands the fairest chance of being high on the ladder of happiness—its summit is not attainable on this side of the grave.

To turn from this preaching, I cannot say with you, in similar circumstances, that what I am about to write will be in the sunshine, as unfortunately the day is clouded; though be it known to you, that my present prospect includes a cottage, sundry fine trees and shrubs, and blue hills in the distance.—Read and wonder.

I dare say your adventure at Mr. Peter Wright's *was* glorious, and particularly so as it came to the aid of your philosophy, in rendering you the happiest being alive : a very good beginning indeed, mine honorable friend.

You believe that nothing would induce you

to spend another spring in London—very well; —but you also take upon you to believe, that were I with you now, I should make a similar resolution. I grieve to contradict you, but upon my veracity I believe no such thing. I think you mistake altogether the principles on which my attachment to London is founded. You know me not insensible to the beauties of nature—I should despise myself if I were so—and no one can penetrate the deep and varied feelings which I experience in contemplating the beauty or the sublimity of nature's works: but the motives which lead me to prefer a residence in London, arise from a different, and in my judgment a still higher source. My friends are here; my attachments and my pursuits have been formed here; my mind has a bent which cannot be so well gratified as in London; my disposition is not suited to solitude, and my enjoyments are social; and if these were taken from me, would mountains or trees recompense me for the loss of the society to whom my heart is attached, or supply the enjoyments I have been accustomed to? I have neither profession, nor wealth, nor hope of settlement, to fill the great space of my mind, and render it indifferent to social feelings: my employments and tastes are only to be followed

and gratified here; they derive their charm from the countenance and participation of my friends; and miserable indeed should I be, if my leisure was accompanied by solitude, and no voice answered to mine, in the still hour when probably my only thoughts would be of sorrow for the days gone by. In age, perhaps, I may have to experience all this, and more than this; but do not let me be sepulchred in youth, or deprived of the highest gratifications I am likely to receive, by a lone and secluded residence in the country.

It is different with you; your youth was passed in the fields; your associations originated there; your heart links itself with the past; the memories of early days cling to your affections, and exercise only a just influence upon your hopes and feelings.

* * * * *

——— expects me to go to him to-morrow evening, but this will not be possible, though I should not be surprised if it were to occasion a mighty explosion. There is a tendency in my mind to be afraid of this animal; I am not at my ease with respect to his invitations; he is mistrustful and irritable, and if all these combustibles do not blow up soon, it is very odd. But he is worth putting together again, so you need not

be alarmed. I have not seen any of the Paulines since Monday, but I have no hesitation in adding their kind regards and remembrances, to the warm greetings of your very faithful friend.

J. T.

TO HIS FRIEND GEORGE.

London, May 16, 1820.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

I HAVE to thank you, and with all the cordiality which your anxious friendship demands, for your kind inquiries after my health. It is true that I cannot answer them in quite so satisfactory a manner as we should both wish, for the complaint on my lungs has continued to torment me by its fluctuations during the whole of the week; until having exhausted the medical skill of the family, and the patience of myself and friends, I have appealed to a higher court, and could have replied to you yesterday, but waited for the judgment of Dr. P—, who has just been here, and promises, that if I comply with

the legal forms, he will be enabled to pronounce sentence of banishment against my adversary in a few days. My lungs are sound, but loaded, and must be unloaded, as the man of physic saith. I hope, therefore, that you will not suffer any anxiety to prey upon your mind on my account, as there is no ground for alarm, and the summer is fast approaching, with its more genial and more certain atmosphere. At present the weather is chilly and damp, and I am sorry to say of my country, that I am becoming more and more convinced of the danger of the English climate, especially in the spring, which generally does for me, what the severities and rains of winter frequently cannot effect. My application to Dr. P—— has something of the effect of a writ of certiorari, in the King's Bench, by putting an end to all disputes about jurisdiction, interlocutary differences, &c. for my very kind friends, in different parts of the metropolis, have varied so widely in their judgment of my case, that it has become highly necessary to take refuge under the wing of a superior tribunal. " You go out too little," says one : " you must really stay at home," says another : a third cries, " you eat, too much, why don't you live upon slops ? " —while a fourth, insists that I want

nourishment, and that I live too low. You will easily see, that to please all these combatants is impossible; but now I can set them at defiance, though I fear I shall be saddled with all the *costs of suit*. But to leave *myself*, and turn to an every-way brighter subject. I congratulate you upon the continued sunshine of your prospect in Gloucestershire, and you must pardon me, if the use of these metaphorical phrases has carried my ideas to the real sunshine and prospect of the country. I can fancy you, looking upon the fertile plains that extend to the horizon, with the Welch hills for their boundary, and regarding it all as your own estate—the property of your eye—your imagination—your memory—a possession *in fee*, held in free and common socage. Can any thing be more barbarous than this jargon, so applied—away with it.

I am charged with a fine twitting for your lordship's ears; I dare say you do not want to be told from whom: Will came up to me the other night, “having great wrath,” on account of a letter he had received from you, and which I must confess did seem to merit a little castigation. But I believe you had better take it from himself, and “use it as ye may.”

I have a little story which I must tell you

because you may have more to do with it. You are to be informed, that on Saturday evening I was engaged to —— to meet T—— and a party. In the hope of being able to be there, it was not until Saturday that I wrote to acquaint him my health would not permit it, accompanied by very *proper*, and at the same time, sincere regrets at the circumstance. Well—last night comes T—— to St. Paul's, and tells me that he went to —— about nine o'clock, and found nobody at home, nor any expectation of ——'s return. Yesterday morning he received a long written apology, stating *inter alia*, that *so many of his friends had sent excuses*, that he concluded T—— also did not intend to come; upon which most extraordinary assumption, he betakes himself out, leaving word to detain T—— if he came, which message, unhappily, was *not* delivered.

Now be it known unto you, that not one syllable have I heard from this *lusus naturæ*, and I infer that he is in high dudgeon with me, for my non-appearance, while he takes no pains to inform himself of the real state of the case. I am determined, however, upon the first symptom of ill-blood, to show him that I am not to be distrusted with impunity. If he thinks my friendship of any value to him, he must endea-

vour to return it by confidence, and not by playing off airs which are only tolerable in childhood. I shall be cool but firm; I shall carefully avoid every expression of unkindness; but I have been too long accustomed to the warm and confiding hearts of my own chosen friends, to submit to the caprice of a man, who suffers himself to lose the advantages of friendship, by tormenting those whose society he wishes to cultivate. If he remain silent, I shall take no notice of him, until you come,—like the angel of peace upon a warring world.

And now—

“ Farewell, awhile to him and thee,
My valued friend good *night*.”

I like to be as *literal* as possible.

All your friends remember you, as you do us, and you know, my dear George, that I remain, &c. &c.

J. T.

TO HIS FRIEND GEORGE.

May 31, 1820.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

I REPENT me that I suffered you to take it for granted that I should see you to-day. The powers of heaven and earth (that is, the elements, Dr. P— and my mother) conspire against me; the first threaten me if I sally forth; the second keeps me waiting; and the third is gone out, so that I cannot have a proxy to appear for me. I have waited till the last moment for some favoring circumstance, but there is now no chance of my being with you.

In these circumstances, the farewell greetings of your imprisoned friend must be confined to paper; and although my pen may not convey all the feelings of my heart upon the new prospects that open before you, I am well assured that you know how sincerely and earnestly I wish you all the blessings of health, prosperity, and contented enjoyment. I will not anticipate how long it may be ere we meet again; it may be sooner than we expect, not than we wish; but that must

be left to fate. I trust I shall hear from you very soon, especially now, as Will is likely to be absent, and my reply shall be as prompt as my own circumstances will permit; but for some time you must be moderate in your expectations on this head, as you know my situation, and the necessity of relaxation.

And now let me conjure you to dismiss your painful anxieties on my account: I have the satisfaction of feeling that I am better, though the process is slow; and if you will place a fitting confidence in me, you may rely on receiving the *truth* in return. Fare-thee-well! and take with thee the assurance of the unaltered regard and attachment of your faithful friend,

J. T.

TO MR. V.

Monday morning, June 12, 1820.

MY DEAR SIR,

A LETTER from me on Monday is always a bad sign; not that in this case it implies that I am worse, as on the contrary, I feel my-

self much better : but the truth is, that Dr. P— has put in an absolute *caveat* against my going out while this lamentable state of weather continues. He came on Saturday, and railed at me for being out on Thursday. I told him I went in a coach; but he said, “ coaches were bad things ;” to which I replied, that when one did not keep a carriage, what was to be done? and thus ended that part of the argument. Hence we went on to existing circumstances : he desired me to breathe deeply, which having done once or twice to his entire satisfaction as well as my own, I said, I was certainly better in *that* respect : “ Well, that is *the* respect; I do not care for your cough, or any thing else, that will continue some time longer; but your lungs are less loaded than they were, and you will do very well soon.” He expressed an earnest wish for a change of weather, that I might get out, which he evidently thought would be of more service than any thing else: he seems bent on my going to Harlow, when all the circumstances permit, as he prefers a visit to some one, to any solitary excursion to the sea or elsewhere. With my kindest remembrances, believe me, &c.

J. T.

TO HIS FRIEND GEORGE.

London, June 27, 1820.

I HAVE felt for some time, my dear fellow, the anxiety you would feel for a reply to your last letter, and I confess that I have every day expected your reproaches for the presumed unkindness; but a number of causes, voluntary and involuntary, have hitherto prevented me. In the first place, I was anxious to give you the best account of myself; and as the return of hot weather was pronounced to be the only remedy for me, I chose to wait a little. Then, I happened to be honored by a communication from the Bavarian minister, who sent me documents which I was obliged to attend to immediately. As to myself, I died last Saturday, from the heat, and am going about unburied, because the ground is too hot to hold me. The fact is, that the long-expected change was such a violent one, that although very beneficial to my lungs, it is so overpowering that it deprives me of all power of exertion. The folks here literally groan and sweat under a weary life; and if it lasts much

longer, they will be all dead corpses!! As for me, I am off—that is, I am going to rusticate, and that to-morrow; *ergo*, I shall not be able to write you a very long letter. I am going to Harlow, to abide with Miss H. and other relatives, to be nodded at by the trees, smiled upon by the waters, and kissed by the zephyrs; (can't do without the zephyrs). Here I shall remain, I suppose, till quiet tires me, and like Dr. Johnson, I long to be in Fleet Street again. But I dare say it will do much to recruit my strength, for this fierce embrace of Apollo is little better than a rape upon my virgin weakness: but it is time to have done ringing changes on this unhappy subject.

I do not know when I have derived so much satisfaction as your letter imparted, as it related to yourself; your delightful situation, your high hopes, and present comforts. I do indeed, my dear George, most sincerely congratulate you upon all these, and I fervently hope nothing will intervene to cloud the sunshine of your prospect.

By the bye, we were somewhat amused that your letter to Will was pitched in a much lower key. Will said you had not been to see Mrs. B. for a week; was that the case? Pray who is it

that plays the *harp*? Will left town for the north the day after your letter arrived, so I must return for him, what you know you will receive, his heartfelt acknowledgments for your remembrance of his birth-day, though you did persist in fixing it a day before it happened.

You who know how long I have been ill, and what a confinement I have had, would be much amused if I could send you a correspondence that took place the other day between —— and myself: returning home on Saturday, I found a tremendous note, scarcely legible, hinting at sickness, but in the loosest and most extravagant terms, that he could neither live nor die, &c. &c. summoning my attendance, and wanting me to take the gallery of the House of Commons in my way! this to an invalid!! I returned rather a *prickly* answer; which produced a doleful epistle, setting forth that he had had an inflammation on his chest, accompanied by violent sickness, and that he should not be able to leave his room for two or three days. So after this I sat down on Sunday morning and wrote a very sympathetic reply, at the same time pointing out the impropriety of his language, and asking him why he could not write a plain tale at once; I also promised to call upon him if pos-

sible. I sent this in the afternoon, when, would you believe it? the fellow was gone out!!

* * * * *

I believe if you write to me in about three weeks you will hit me, and I hope the second letter will be as joyous as the first. None of your *blue devils* for me. My mother desires her kind regards to you, and you well know that I am, most sincerely,

your attached friend,

J. T.

P O E M S.

POEMS.

ADDRESS TO WEALTH.

VAIN Wealth away ! I woo thee not,—
For riches I'll ne'er change my lot :
Of what avail's the joy you bring,
Will 't keep the mind from sorrowing ?
Will 't heal the parent's riven heart,
When from his offspring he must part ?
Will it recall the fleeting breath,
Arrest th' impending arm of death—
Or will it check the widow's tears,
Or dying sinner's guilty fears ?—
If none of these—thou idle elf,
(Who seem'st to feed upon thyself)
I will not seek thy golden halls
Where bliss decays, and pleasure palls,

Where gold can lose the power to please,
 And sleep, content, and tranquil ease
 With gentleness, and feelings kind,
 Are exiled from the loaded mind.

Mischievous wight ! there's scarce a sin
 But from thy counsel doth begin :
 Thou causest man to ape the brute—
 When Avarice in his heart takes root,
 He kills, he spoils, he thirsts for prey,
 And mocking brutes, is worse than they :—
 For they do live by war and blood,
 But he, in careless idlest mood,
 Will take another's life, for gain
 Of that which gives him added pain.

For thee, he murders fellow-man,
 For thee he binds the African,
 And, deaf to each heart-rending cry,
 • For love of thee, puts Pity by—
 Straight bars the door, excludes the light,
 And shrouds himself in Pride's chill night—
 Affects to think his black-skin'd brother
 Could not be sprung from Eve our mother ;
 For Europeans solely made
 And blessed with life—that they may trade !
 See Wealth ! the miseries that you cause ;—
 Justice and Nature's broken laws

On you for vengeance cry aloud ;—
 You spurn the hungry, feed the proud,
 And bring such evils in your train
 As make one wish you off again.
 Hence therefore, to the selfish crew
 Who toil, and starve, and live for you.
 But oh ! how sweet the golden mean,
 Affluence and Poverty between,—
 Enough to make a cheerful hearth,
 Where social comfort has its birth,
 And smiling happiness at home
 Forbids th' alluring wish to roam
 For pelf, or other fancied pleasure ;—
 Content's the only real treasure !

EXPLANATION
 OF THE PRECEDING ADDRESS.

“ How’s this ! ” methinks I hear you say,—
 “ Why against Wealth do you inveigh ? ”
 Reflect a little and you’ll see
 That Wealth’s not fond of poetry ;

And poets, since they cannot use it,
 Turn up their noses, and abuse it.—
 The grapes are sour—you understand—
 We spurn, because we can't command.

THE FAIRIES.

WRITTEN ON OCCASION OF LORD BYRON'S MARRIAGE.

FIRST FAIRY.

FAIRY ! whither bends your speed ?
 Why spur you thus your elfin steed ?

SECOND FAIRY.

Oh, foolish sprite ! dost thou not know
 Why swiftly thus through air I go ?
 Hast thou not heard the joyful sound,
 So sweet to all on fairy ground,
 Which roused us from our rosy beds ?—
 It is that Albion's minstrel weds !
 Soon as our captain, Oberon, knew,
 His bugle horn he quickly blew,

And summon'd round his fairies all
To grace the merry festival.
I heard in India where I tarried,
The cry, "Lo! Britain's Bard is married!"
As I was marking in a wood
The track of wounded panther's blood,
And, just as I the pard had found,
The monarch's bugle 'gan to sound:
Away I sped, and swifter went
Than lightning's flash—my course I bent
To where I met the royal court
Discoursing of th' intended sport.
Again I travel through the sky,
To England's happy clime I fly,
Whither our sovereigns now repair,
To greet the bridegroom and the fair,
And wish them happiness,—this done
We elves shall feast with Oberon.
Oh there will be such revelling
When spirits dance and fairies sing,
And all the troop their voices raise
Shouting our much-loved poet's praise;—
For bards like him are seldom seen,
Perchance some centuries between,
And fairies are the poets' friends;—
A faithful band our monarch sends

To guard his steps from perilous harms,
 And aid him by their magic charms.
 Titania too attends the bride
 To watch her downy couch beside,
 To deck her hair, bring sweet perfume,
 And paint her cheek with freshen'd bloom.—
 Such toils as these and such delights
 Employ and please our merry sprights.
 Away ! come, fairy, haste with me
 And share in this our revelry !

TO HIS FRIEND WILLIAM.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

HAVING fortunately met with a great literary curiosity, and knowing your *penchant* for such *morceaux*, I have sent you a copy on the other side. This treasure consists of disjointed fragments of a MS. poem by a certain noble author, with whose published works you are well acquainted. It is an ever-to-be-lamented circumstance, that only so small a portion of the work should be brought to light. It appears to have been founded on some “historical fact” of

great interest, and I have no doubt that the question whether the poem was ever complete, or only in this half-finished state, will agitate the literary world as much as the controversy respecting Ossian, or the Shakspearian forgeries. For my own part, I have no doubt of its being genuine, and it is my intention to give the fragments to the world as such, upon the best *foolscap*, illustrated with engravings, &c. But more of this when I see you, *ad interim*, I am, &c.

J. T.

February 24, 1816.

THE FIRE.

A FRAGMENT OF A TRUMP STREET TALE.

Know ye the land where the day-book and measure,

Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime—

Where the thirst is unsated for profit and treasure,
And honor is almost accounted a crime?

Know ye the street where shawl-makers reside,
And oilmen and silkmens are swelling with pride,—

Where the smoke-bearing south wind oppressed
with its fume,

Waxes faint over Honey-Lane Market in bloom,—
Where beef, veal, and mutton are fairest of meat,
And the voice of the butcher is temptingly sweet,—
Where the tints of the cheese shop and green-shop
just by,

In colour though varied, in beauty may vie,
And the mud of the kennel is deepest in dye,—
Where cotton, and silk, and bandannas are fine,
And all save the spirit of man is divine ?

'Tis the clime of Cheap Ward ! 'tis the land of
Trump Street,

Where nothing but Manchester fellows you meet—
Oh ! hard as the counter, and loud as Bow-bell,
Are the hearts which they bear and the lies which
they tell !

* * * * *

It is the hour when shopmen come
To shut the shops, with busy hum—
It is the hour when every clerk
Goes prowling forth, like owls at dark,
And organs, flutes, and fiddles near,
Make music to the merry ear.
The streets a shower has lightly wet,
And in the shops gas-lights are set,—

And every wholesale warehouse shut;
 Safe for the night the goods are put:—
 And in the air a fog so sweet
 (Its taste to Cockneys quite a treat)
 Which follows the decline of day,
 As twilight melts beneath the lamps away.

* * * * *

Who thund'ring knocks at Waddell's door
 With heavy hand and noisy roar,
 Which make all Lawrence Lane resound
 And bring a mob of people round ?

Men—women—children—son and sire—
 Fishmongers—poulterers—butchers' boys—
 They come—'tis but to add to noise—

Poor Waddell's house is all on fire !

* * * * *

The engine pumps are working
 But heavily and slow,
 From parish engines jerking
 Streams of water to and fro.

As the steam of a kettle
 Which cannot get out,
 But at length full of mettle
 Bolts straight from the spout,
 So did the fire—it stayed no longer,
 But by confinement waxing stronger,

It strove, it struggled, brook'd no more,
 And burst at once from out the door.
 It burnt the shutters, shawls, and shop,
 As though it never meant to stop.
 From every quarter engines run—
 The Hope—the Phœnix—Eagle—Sun—
 And troops of firemen coming fast,
 Like carrion crows to their repast:
 Firemen in red, and green, and blue,
 And coats of every other hue.
 Some guide the branch, and some hold the
 torches,
 While others rush in where the raging fire
 scorches;
 They toil—they swear—but hark! a shout!—
 And a cry is raised,—and the firemen are praised,
 And darkness prevails where the bright beam had
 blazed,
 For why?—'tis past—the fire's put out!—

* * * * *

And where was Waddell all this while?
 Was he distant a rood or a mile?
 Did he in pot-house, or play-house, or dwelling-
 house lurk,
 Unsuspecting, poor mortal, this horrible work?—
 In truth I know not—but he came
 Just as the firemen quench'd the flame—

He stood—he saw—he stared—nor one step moved,
 From the half-roasted whittles and shawls that he loved,
 As he gazed on the remnants all blacken'd with smoke,
 Nor scarcely a stray single syllable spoke.

* * * *

Now night is knocked down by the day—
 The firemen are all gone away,
 And the door is partly mended :—
 None heed save idlers one or two,
 Who passing by just take a view—
 Thus the fire began and ended !!

ENTHUSIA.

ON a lone rock which proudly reared its form,
 As heedless of the winter's fiercest storm,—
 Romantic—stranger to the senseless crowd,
 The din of cities, and the clamour loud,—
 There in her paradise sate fancy's child,
 Enthusia named—as fair, and free, and wild,

As that bright region which she call'd her own,
 Where mild and genial sunbeams ever shone,
 And transport dwelt—nor bird, nor tree, nor
 flower,
 But own'd her magic, joy-inspiring power.
 On couch of eglantine the nymph reclined,
 Her golden hair was floating in the wind,
 A smile upon her ruby lips was playing,
 Yet faint as that o'er infant slumbers straying,—
 Her azure eye—but oh ! who can express
 Its power, its eloquence, its loveliness !—
 None, none can tell, save they alone who've felt,
 Such rays as coldest, hardest hearts would melt.
 I gazed in silence at the enchanting sight,
 My senses wrapt in unrestrain'd delight—
 The goddess saw, beheld the springing fire
 Which glowed within my breast;—she took her
 lyre,
 And from the chords pour'd forth a maddening
 measure,
 A thrill too sweet to pain, too fierce to pleasure.
 My heart expands,—I start, I burn, I chill,—
 I rave, and turn to fly, yet listen still :—
 'Tis vain, I yield—my limbs refuse to move,
 In one short, all-expressive word, I love !

Descend, fair maid, descend,
 Thy blest assistance lend,
 And all thy sweetest odours breathe
 Upon the knot I twine—
 Though I the rosy chaplet wreath,
 The flowers are only thine.
 Inspire the song my soul would raise
 In votive strain to chaunt thy praise.

'Tis thy celestial lyre
 Awakes the poet's fire,
 And makes his heart responsive bound ;—
 He strikes the silver shell,
 Enraptur'd nations catch the sound,
 And all his glories tell.
 While deathless honours crown his name
 To thee alone he owes his fame.

The bard, inspired by thee,
 With sweetest minstrelsy
 Doth charm the ear, inflame the heart ;
 And pleasure's splendid beams
 The purest of delights impart,—
 A poet's golden dreams.
 He fancies joys Elysian given
 And in idea tastes a heaven !

The youth who courts repose,
 Nor toil nor hardship knows,
 To thy resistless power must yield :—
 He hears his country's call,
 And starts a hero to the field,
 To vanquish or to fall.
 He rushes on, nor danger heeds,
 Or conquers, or with honour bleeds :

And should the tyrant Death
 Demand his fleeting breath,
 Thou still art there, to cheer his soul
 With thoughts that o'er his grave
 The tears of much-loved friends should roll,
 And Victory's banner wave.
 His memory lives in sculptur'd story—
 He sinks amidst a blaze of glory !

But hark ! a gentler strain,
 Though yielding fiercest pain—
 Around the heart it softly steals
 With step as light as air—
 A glow the bosom faintly feels
 And scarcely deems it there :
 Till, scorning thus to be repressed,
 The clouds dispel—Love stands confessed !

Be thine the praise dear Maid !
 For to thy powerful aid
 Ungrateful Love owes half his charm ;—
 What were his burning kisses,
 The looks, the sighs that keep him warm,
 And all his boasted blisses—
 Wert thou not near to fan desire,
 And cheer him with thy genial fire ?

The poet feels no thrill,
 The soldier's ardour's chill,
 Compared with those keen pangs that move
 The heart that owns thy sway ;
 When thou dost join thy kinsman Love
 And shed a double ray.
 Sweet visions dance before the sight,
 The senses madden with delight.

Hence ! frozen Wisdom, hence !
 I hate thy sage pretence
 That seeks to check th' aspiring mind
 With Prudence' heavy chain—
 Away ! give counsel to the wind
 Teach calmness to the main.
 No—uncontroll'd let Fancy stray
 Nor idly spurn youth's sunny day.

Haste then Enthusia dear !
 With thee I banish fear :
 Though Wisdom with her crew assail
 And angry grey-beards frown—
 Though Ignorance laugh, and Prudence rail,
 Or Pride with scorn look down ;
 If these united threaten dire alarms,
 I'll cling to thee, and perish in thine arms !

TO MY FRIEND WILLIAM,
 ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

Too oft the Muse, in heartless strain, pretends
 To extol the matchless virtues of her friends,
 Lab'ring their qualities and fame to raise,
 And load the verse with canting prayer and
 praise.

I will not mock thee—though thy natal day
 Demands the tribute of warm Friendship's lay ;—
 Yet not to thee, the lines attuned by art,
 Which please cold judgment but ne'er touch thee
 heart :

Oh no ! free as the tear in Pity's eye—
 Spontaneous as the drooping lover's sigh
 Be mine—no more—my pen shall not essay
 In powerless words my feelings to convey—
 Expect no lengthen'd song with flattery fraught,
 But in my silence read the raptured thought !

June 18, 1816.

Pardon ! pardon !—I could not help it. If
 the bare idea of a Birth-day Ode to *you*, sink me
 in your estimation—throw it on the fire, and for-
 get it was written by,

your friend,

JAMES TYSON.

ON LEAVING ENGLAND FOR FRANCE.

FAREWELL ! oh my country, dear land of my birth !
 Though pleasure now tempts me to leave thee
 awhile,
 Yet hear me pronounce, oh thou jewel of earth !
 I shall quit thee with grief, and return with a
 smile.

Where shall I find such a land as mine own—
 Where seek for the blessings that Britain
 contains—

Where else may the heart of a brother be known,—
 In what other clime is it, Liberty reigns ?

Farewell to the ever-loved home of my youth !
 The roof of protection that shelter'd me long—
 Where I learn'd to admire the bright pages of
 truth,
 And amuse the dull hour with the pleasures
 of song.

Farewell to my friends !—yet mistake not the
 name—

Not to those who can smile while their bo-
 soms are chill ;

But to those who are glowing with friendship's
 pure flame,

And though absent and far, will remember
 me still.

And when I return—may the days that were past
 In my wanderings, warn me no longer to roam,
 And the scenes I have view'd only bind me more
 fast

To my own native country, my friends, and
 my home !

Kind heaven ! in mercy propitiously smile
 On my soul's earnest prayer, as I quit the
 dear shore,—
 May the sun of prosperity shine on this isle,
 And the friends of my heart be more blest
 than before !

August, 1816.

MIDNIGHT.

HARK to the bell of the midnight hour,
 As slowly it tolls from yonder tower ;—
 'Tis the knell of a day that's eternally past,
 In sorrow too slow, and in pleasure too fast ;—
 By the many unheeded—important to few
 Save the guilty, the trifling, the trafficking crew,
 Who breathe out their moments in dark discontent,
 As they're wasted in care, or in folly mispent.
 Oh ! how few greet with joy the return of the sun,
 Or the pillow of night when his journey is done ;—
 And how few lend a charm to the graces of day
 By the light of their minds—the warm soul-giving
 ray

Which illumines each minute, enlivens the hour,
 With the magic of wisdom, and virtue's bland
 power;—

To these, and these only, the blessing is given
 To enjoy the delights that conduct them to heaven.

This is an hour of deepest thought,
 With every graver feeling fraught,
 With every hue that leads the mind
 To meditate on human-kind;
 The door is closed on busy man,—
 My soul prepares his deeds to scan,
 And picture with creative power
 The varied scenes of this dull hour.

Oh! midnight is a fearful, horrid time,
 Whose gloom becomes the friend of every crime;
 Murder starts forth, and reckless aims the blow
 That strikes the victim of his fury low:—
 Rapine is vigilant to mark his prey,
 Hurries to action, and accurses day:—
 Man 'gainst his fellow-man works deeds of hell,
 That shudd'ring history almost dreads to tell.
 Again—see, crawling through the lonely street,
 The houseless, friendless wanderer we meet;—
 But wretchedness is silent,—what avails
 The piteous moan which no kind ear assails;—

When heartless Pride and Wealth are wrapped
in sleep,
And day-worn Pity fain would cease to weep,—
All Nature's still, as to recruit her breath,
Save Guilt, and Folly, and the arm of Death !

Ha ! yonder is the sick man's bed :—
E'en at this hour he hurries to the grave,—

While weeping friends support his head,
And vainly urge the ardent prayer to save.
Then strikes the bell with its sad cheerless sound,
And deeper gloom imparts to all around.

He may not hear that bell again,
Ere then he may be freed from pain,—
His life become a faded dream,
A thing of memory, a vanished gleam !

While Midnight's tongue ekes out the tedious tale,
Death wakes the widow's cry, the orphan's wail,
Sends thousand victims to the insatiate tomb,
Age in its hoariness, and youth in bloom !

There sits the convict in his cell,
Starting as sounds that fatal bell,
For it heralds the day of his fate ;—

He must flee from the joys and the evils of life,
He must hasten away from these regions of strife,
With the curse of Repentance too late !

That sound has disturbed the calm current of
sorrow ;—

Delusion has fled with her dreams of to-morrow—
For him there is none—this day is his last ;—
Oh ! pray that his sufferings may quickly be past,—
That the mercy of heaven may illume his sad end,
And his soul rise to God as a pardoning friend !

And there are other scenes of woe,
The soul appall'd would shun to know :—
Ah ! look upon Poverty's heart-broken child,
With a brain of hot madness, and countenance
wild ;

How wan is his aspect, how wither'd his form,
As a tree in its age that is rent by the storm.

He had been wealthy in the days gone by,
And gaiety sat on his brow :

But the smiles are all faded, the tear dims
his eye,

For misery possesses him now.

His home is the haunt of sharp famine and care,
His soul is the seat of a gnawing despair,

And where shall he look for relief ?

He had friends—but they fled with his fortunes
and pride ;—

He had hopes—but in anguish they wither'd and
died ;—

No solace is left for his grief.

In wand'rings too fruitless he wears out the day,
 And the night brings no comfort to wish for its
 stay ;—

Even sleep, that kind friend, has abandon'd his
 bed,

And in want and in torture he lays down his head ;
 While the cries of his children still sound in his
 ears,

And Remembrance afflicts with her record of
 years.

Oh ! think of the mariner wreck'd on the
 ocean !

Oh ! think of the penitent sinner's emotion !

Or the traveller lost on the dreary wild—

Or war's devastation where happiness smiled.

All these, in the gloomy meridian of night,
 Become terrors redoubled from absence of
 light ;

For the day is a soother of terror and grief,
 And evils seem less, tho' they gain not relief.

In the circle of fashion the bell is unheard,
 Where mirth is triumphant, and reason deferr'd ;
 Where Vice with her mask, and broad Folly
 unveil'd,

Keep the swift march of Time from their vot'ries
 conceal'd.—

Are there none then at rest in this harassing world?

And are all into folly or wretchedness hurl'd?—

Oh, there are many in the arms of sleep,
Yet few, alas! who health and freshness reap:—

It is not the sleeper who's haunted by care,
For he dreams of the troubles of life;—
Dark visions of sorrow and tumult are there,
And the passionate ragings of strife.

'Tis enjoyment to none but the good and the wise,
Who in peace spend their days, and in peace close their eyes:—

They encounter no miseries to anguish the breast,
And calmness bends over the couch of their rest.

They have no midnight—light is on their souls,
And time in one unvarying current rolls.

Wisdom is there,—Reflection with her glass,
Who fears not to review the hours that pass,—
Hope with her torch,—and Virtue with her rays,—
That darkness shrinks before th' effulgent blaze.

STARLIGHT.

KNOW ye an hour of pleasure and of rest,
When calmness reigns within the yielding breast?—
Know ye a scene in fairest beauty smiling,
The bosom of its rankling cares beguiling?—

'Tis when the stars are bright in heaven,
Gathering at the call of even;
And when the crowd's harsh din is o'er,
And worldlings can annoy no more;—
When sprites and fairies breathe the spell,
By storied oak or haunted well;—
All sound is hushed—save when the breeze
Is softly sighing through the trees,—
Or some lone votary of the hour
Brushes by the dew-clad flower.
And gently glides the placid stream,
Gemm'd with many a starry beam,
Which bending down with looks of love,
Appear like heralds from above,
To win the unresisting soul
From passion's or from care's control.

See how they shine with the mildness of peace,
 As warning the mind's busy tumult to cease :—
 Where is the being that looks on the sky,
 When its jewels of beauty are sparkling on high,
 Who feels not his heart is entranced by the sight,
 His emotions more calm, and his troubles more
 light ?

Where is the breast not all tainted by crime,
 That is not refreshed in this heart-soothing time ?—
 The soul of devotion its full tide will pour,
 In silence survey, and in silence adore.
 If religion hath cheered us and warmed with its
 rays,
 And our bosoms have glowed with the ardour of
 praise,
 Be these tranquil moments to holiness given,
 When our thoughts rise on wings of devotion to
 heaven.

Now, when the world and the passions are still,
 With the sky for our dome, and our temple the hill,
 Let us kneel in the sight of those orbs as they roll,
 And acknowledge the God who created the whole !

'Tis contemplation's hour of joy,
 No cares of busy men annoy,
 Peace is on earth and beauty in the sky :
 The darling idols of the sage's eye,

In all their purest lustre shining,
 In all their antic forms entwining,
 Invite the mind, in wonder lost,
 To gaze upon their myriad host;—
 Enchanted by their loveliness,
 Confessing mortal's nothingness.
 Say can there be a time more sweet,
 Or more for meditation meet?
 Silence is mistress of the scene,
 And binds it with her spell serene.
 Or if a sound disturb the heavenly calm,
 And break the magic of this silent charm,
 Let it be sound of melody;—
 Music such as soothes the heart,
 Impressive and devoid of art,
 Sweet in its simplicity.
 But soft and mild as the zephyr's light sigh,
 Lest passion should start at the sound,
 Dispel all its charms with the fire of his eye,
 Destroy all its peace with his bound.
 Oh! let it be a lover's strain,
 Not doom'd to feel a lover's pain—
 Of one whose passion is not crost,
 Whose hopes and trials are not lost—
 Of one who steals an hour from rest
 To feed the rapture of his breast—

Who roves to gaze upon the sky,
Wishing that his love were nigh,
Dreaming of her constancy.

Hark ! the note, the winds are winging !
Hark ! the lover's hymn is singing !

HYMN.

Sylphs, who dwell in stars above,
Lend your aid to guard my love—
Spirits of the starry sphere,
To protect be ever near.
If she wander by your light,
Shine in fairest splendor bright ;
If she sleep beneath your ray,
Keep intruding elves away ;
As your nightly course ye roll,
Shed your peace upon her soul :
Hear me ye that wait on even,
Lights of earth, and eyes of heaven ;—
Hear me heralds of the dawn,
Ye who wake the drowsy morn ;—
Hear me all ye stars above,
And frown not on the prayer of love !

How dear to memory is the starlight hour !
For then, alone, within her magic bower

She dreams of the pleasures and ills that are fled,
 Recalls the past year, and awakens the dead ;
 Now smiling o'er joys that had vanished before,—
 Now checking the tear for the friend who's no
 more.

Oh ! it is sweet to wander far
 Beneath the ray of evening star ;
 To seek the darkly-tinted shades,
 And stray through quiet, verdant glades,
 And silent, undisturbed, review
 The moments that too quickly flew ;
 To grieve o'er evils that are past,
 And mourn the joys that could not last ;
 Then from the scene to woo relief,
 And shed a halo o'er our grief,
 Till warned by yon bright orbs of peace,
 We bid regret and sorrow cease ;
 Think of the past as of a dream—
 The image of the lightning's beam
 Which shines but hurts not with its gleam.

Now poesy with ardor fired,
 With every purer thought inspired,—
 Her wild harp strikes and breathes a lay
 Responsive to the starlight ray ;
 Enchanting as the strain which angels sing—
 Sweet as the odours from a seraph's wing !

When the fire of the muse in its blaze is uncheck'd,
 When the hues of the hour on the fancy reflect,
 When the thoughts and the heavens are glowing
 and bright,
 These are the moments of minstrels' delight !

If ye, spirits of the blest,
 In those orbs enjoy your rest—
 If in transport there ye dwell
 As the ardent poets tell—
 From your happier climes on high
 Deign to cast a pitying eye
 Upon a world with error fill'd,
 Which by sin and pride is chill'd.
 I will roam abroad at night
 To catch the lustre of your light,
 And as one more fair I see
 Deem a spirit looks on me :
 In my breast this thought I'll cherish,
 There to live when others perish ;—
 This shall raise my sinking soul,
 Free it from despair's control ;—
 This shall chase the gloom of sorrow,
 And cheer the path of life to-morrow !

THE EIGHTEENTH OF JUNE,

THE BIRTH-DAY OF HIS FRIEND WILLIAM.



“HOLLO, James Tyson! tis the eighteenth of June”—

Dear! so it is, and my harp’s out of tune;
 “Then get it mended:”—Can’t be done in time—
 “No!—what, not to string a single rhyme?”
 Not one—consider, common stuff won’t do
 For him who’s born on the day of Waterloo:
 I’ll put it off like other royal folks—
 “Come, sir, don’t waste your time in idle jokes,
 To work:”—I say my muse has caught a cold,
 And, wife-like, won’t always do as she is told:—
 Well, well, it can’t be help’d—I could but say
 I wish thee health this many a day—
 That happiness may ever greet thee,
 And joy run forward with the year to meet thee,
 With sundry comforts that I will not mention,
 Though claiming equally thy best attention:—
 Since this is all I have to tell,
 Why—any other day will do as well.

REPENTANCE.

ALL hail, Repentance ! melancholy maid !
Gifted alike to soothe or to upbraid,—
Thou child of good and ill, that hast thy birth
In light celestial, and in shades of earth,—
Now soft as sounds by zephyrs given,
 Or striking deeply as a knell,—
Now cheering with a ray from heaven,
 Or frightening with a glare from hell.
'Tis thou who bid'st the erring soul
To burst from guilt's abhor'd control,
In tears retrace the path she trod,
And kneel again before her God !
When the trembling sinner dies,
And pours his anguish in his cries,
Thou art there to soothe his woe
And prompt the conscious tear to flow—
Like a seraph in pity sent down from above,
To whisper the promise of pardon and love.
Oh ! consoling and sweet is the pledge of thy
 power,
Shining on as the sun in a fast-falling shower.

Yet thou hast a darker form,
Raging like a midnight storm,
When the only light appearing,
Is the dreadful flash that's searing,—
The only voice that meets the ear,
Speaks in the thunder's voice of fear.
Such thy horrors, fiend Remorse,
To him who lives beneath thy curse—
A demon to scourge, and a hell to consume,
As a mirror to shew the lost victim his doom ;
Now haunting his sleep, and now stalking by day,
From his thought and his memory never away ;
Urging on to self-slaughter, yet holding him fast
By dread of the future for sin of the past.
Would that with earlier influence o'er the mind
In gentler semblance thou couldst school man-
kind,
Checking the soul with a warning emotion,
Ere it venture too far upon guilt's stormy ocean,
Melting the heart with the warm gush of sorrow,
And recording the promise of virtue to-morrow !

August, 1817.

SUNSET.

THERE's not an hour that onward rolls,
But speaks a warning to our souls,—
There's not a change in earth or heaven,
But on it truths of God are graven.
In every hour Religion finds a voice,
In every moment bids the heart rejoice,
Stealing upon us with the morning light,
Confessed amid the wonders of the night,
To each at the time when the harmoniz'd feelings
Are glowing with ardor to embrace her reveal-
ings ;—
To one when the gentle and earliest ray
Springs up from its clouds, blushes on into day ;—
To others at noon, or the sun's bright declining,
Or the hour when the stars are resplendently
shining ;—
All in their seasons combining to raise
The soul to its Maker, in rapture of praise.

There was a scene which late mine eyes beheld,

When all the splendour of the sky unveil'd,

Shone like a vision of ethereal birth,

A dream of heaven enjoyed by sons of earth.

The gorgeous Sun was sinking to his rest,

And shed effulgence o'er the tinted west,—

A monarch dying in his glory's blaze,

Blessing the world with his departing rays,

He sank—and o'er the heavens a mantle threw,

Illumed with every varied, lovely hue—

Who shall describe them? fleeting, changing,
bright,

As though in sport they mocked the eager sight,—

Now all the richness of a golden dome,

Now crimson'd with the modest rose's bloom,

Like young Devotion wafted from above,

Or the mute language of her kindred Love.

Here in the azure antic clouds were wreathing,

Responsive to the zephyrs o'er them breathing,

As sylphs of air, each in his magic bower,

Had joined the sacred worship of the hour.

In placid lustre rose the evening star,

Like timid virgin gazing from afar,

As mild and modest as the heart should be,

Whose fairest jewel is humility.

Farther, the gentle mistress of the sky,
 The full-orb'd Moon had now ascended high
 With pensive majesty, and in her train
 Night's dusky ministers t' assert her reign.
 On earth was silence—tree, and mead, and hill
 Paid their mute homage, and in awe were still,—
 Art hath no seeming, Nature no delight
 So sweetly pure and so divinely bright,
 For heaven and earth their every hue combined
 To stamp their loveliness upon the mind :
 It was a temple and a worship—there
 Th' Almighty's works did seem to meet in prayer;—
 A holy feeling reigned throughout the whole ;
 The world was bow'd—Religion gave the soul,
 Breath'd in the star, the cloud, the tree, the sod,
 As Nature's aspiration to her God !
 It was her evening hymn—a silent service given
 From fleeting time to the eternal Lord of heaven !

Ye who have grovelled in Sin's mazy road,
 Nor ever on Him one pure thought have bestowed;
 Who have seen but have felt not the heavenly
 rays
 That in beauty are teaching the bosom to praise;—
 Oh ! look upon this, and in penitence bend
 To the Spirit that made it, your Father and
 Friend ;

See the pledge of His goodness,—be guilty no more,

But instructed and chasteñ'd, bow down and adore.

Ye who're confin'd by dark Bigotry's chain,
And long in her cold narrow prison have lain,
Who have dreamed that Salvation was granted
to few,

That Eternity's blessings were only for you,
Who would strive to usurp the wide region of
bliss,

Arise, oh ye hypocrites ! look upon this !
Wake Charity's thrill in your breasts as you scan,
And in Nature's bright page read His mercy to
man !

The soul that acknowledges Virtue's sweet power,
Resembles the hues of this fair lovely hour—
Gliding onward in peace, as the sun to the west,
As calmly and brightly awaiting its rest.

When life's fleeting joys are gone down with its
day,

The moonlight of virtue diffuses its ray,—
Religion sheds o'er it the glow of the even,
And wafts it on Hope's balmy zephyrs to heaven !

LINES,

WRITTEN IN THE COMMON-PLACE BOOK OF HIS FRIEND
CATHARINE.

A FRAGRANT wreath is here entwined,
Of many a beauteous flower combined ;
The blushing rose for joyous youth—
The lily for the soul of truth—
The cypress for the pensive heart—
The pansy pierced with Cupid's dart—
With bays and laurel woven among
For sons of battle and of song.
And thou whose hand hath culled each flower,
May joy attend thee every hour,
Around thee breathe as rich perfume,
And flourish with unfading bloom,
As lovely as the “garden queen,”
And lasting as the evergreen :
May these be emblems of thy happy lot,
Yet add one flow'ret more—Forget me not !

October, 1817.

TO MEMORY.

MANY the bards, and sweet the lays
Aspiring to rehearse thy praise,
And grateful bless the power divine
That can each wandering thought confine,
And long-past years recall to view
With image bright and record true,
Rekindle Pleasure's ray again
To sooth the ills of present pain,—
A friend in every changing mood,
A minister of truth and good!
Whate'er of joy we feel and know
To Memory's friendly aid we owe,—
The triumphs of each child of song
By thee are given, to thee belong.
I sing not of thy wide domain,
The varied wonders of thy reign,
The mighty flood that ever rolls
With force resistless on our souls ;
The wealth thou pour'st from History's store,
From Wisdom's volume, Learning's lore ;

To others be that task resigned,—
 While I, to humbler strain confined,
 In votive numbers will confess
 'Tis thine to teach, to sooth, to bless—
 To add a charm where Pleasure lives,
 And heal the wound that Anguish gives.
 There are visions that Hope and warm Fancy
 create,
 “ Bright fictions” as those which the poets relate ;
 More gorgeous, more varied than thine they may
 be,
 But they shed not the rapture that's yielded by
 thee :
 Hope's gay illusions may gladden awhile,
 But their promise is false as the flatterer's smile—
 They may crowd on our youth, but like traitors
 recede
 When our age of their presence and comfort hath
 need ;
 They fly from our grasp, and too often when gone,
 Only leave us more cheerless, more wretched, and
 lone ;—
 They may dazzle a moment, but when they depart,
 They bequeath us no token, no print on the
 heart ;—
 While thou in our bosoms art ever enshrined,
 And thy joys with the joys of all ages entwined ;

The heart thy pavilion, thy favorite cell,
Where in peaceful seclusion thou lovest to dwell.

Oh yes ! Imagination's plastic power
May cheer the vacant or the gloomy hour,
With art creative worlds of wonder raise,
And fill the mind with Fancy's dazzling blaze ;—
But her dreams are no more than the gleams on
the lake,
Brilliant, but cold—which a ripple may break :—
While thine in all seasons, all hours, are a charm,
Constant as sunlight, as genial and warm.
In our age when the world's best enjoyments are
gone,
And we stand like a time-decayed ruin alone,—
When the scenes of gay youth, and of former
delight,
Come over the soul like soft music at night,—
How sweet to recall the bright days that are fled,
And to fill the dull blank with the forms of the
dead !
As in Winter when Nature seems weeping for
grief
That her blossoms are faded, her glories so brief,—
With no flow'ret to charm us, no fragrance that
breathes,
Save the roseleaf that pitying Summer bequeaths,—

So joyless would be the dark winter of age,
Were it not for the tints that still glow on thy
page !

There are pleasures, the bosom can never forget,
Though recorded as “ by-gones ” will play round us yet,—
'Tis a voice we have heard, or a face we have seen,
The likeness, the shadow of things that have been,—
They are spirits that glide from the tomb of the past,
With a torch to illume, and a beacon-ray cast
On the mariner ploughing the dark sea of life,
To cheer and preserve 'mid the elements' strife—
To calm his rack'd mind, and present him a form
That shall smile from the cloud, and speak peace to the storm ;
Thy visions are with us when Pleasure's lamp burns,
Like a friend of the heart who from travel returns,—
They sit at our board, they partake of our cheer,
Give a zest to each joy, make each moment more dear—

While in sorrow, the thoughts of our happier years
 Haste to banish our sighs and beguile us from
 tears—

As the sun when he sinks to his western sea-
 shroud,

Tips with crimson and gold the dark edge of the
 cloud,

And dispenses a milder, a kindlier ray,
 Than when robed in the glorious brightness of day.

But not to this world dost thou fetter the mind,
 Nor is to Time's follies thy magic confin'd;—
 More sublime is thy course, more extended thy
 scope

As thou minglest thy strains with the music of
 Hope—

And the promise of joy in the life that's to be,
 Comes blended with notes that are chaunted by
 thee.

Mortals we are—and as mortals we feel—
 And Eternity sure will forgive, if we steal
 From the lights of the past a few radiant beams,
 To adorn the dark future—and colour our dreams
 With the hues that on earth were enchantingly
 bright,

And awoke in our bosoms the thrill of delight;

The roses of youth and the sweet flower of Love
 May enwreath with the amaranth garland above,
 Since we know that the soul's purest blisses are
 given

But as shadows prophetic of raptures in heaven !

December 31, 1817.

TO THE NEWSPAPERS,

ON QUITTING A SHORT-LIVED MANAGEMENT OF A
 WEEKLY JOURNAL.

FAREWELL! disturbers of the world's repose,
 Records of human crimes and human woes,
 Dull traffickers in falsehoods—basely sold
 From basest motive, the rank lust of gold ;—
 Infectious Lazarets, whence guilt and pain
 Are breathed in poisons to the world again ;
 Where Vice stalks boldly under Virtue's seal,
 Giving more wounds than Virtue ere can heal ;
 Where brainless witlings pour the maiden rhyme ;
 Where saintly cant precedes defence of crime ;

Where party rage in puerile malice vents
 Its deadliest hate on Britain's ornaments ;
 Where every tyrant finds a ready friend
 The secret dagger and the mask to lend :—
 Folly's chief ministers,—false guides of youth—
 Open to all but honesty and truth—
 Foul weeds of darkness, hating light and good,
 That bloom in war, and thrive on human blood.
 Yet spare the lash, and own,—that e'en to you
 Some hard-wrung tribute of compassion's due :
 Who but laments, when on your bosom prest,
 Glares the deep brand of Canning's demon jest ;—
 Doom'd to the dulness of Saint Stephen's school,
 To screen a villain, or extol a fool ;
 Echo each whisper of your country's shame,
 Or spread contagion with a Stewart's name :—
 Begone—ye phantoms of a Stygian shore—
 Begone—invade my study's peace no more !

Henceforth, I shall pursue my noiseless rhymes
 Unfretted by the discord of the **TI^{MES}** ;
 No **HERALD** now, but the bright one that brings
 The sparkling goblet from Pierian springs ;
 No **SUN** that libels the great orb of light,
 Stealing his name to hide the scars of night,
 That smiles complacent on each hellish deed,
 And shines more brightly if a patriot bleed ;

No SUN but he of glorious skies—no STAR
 But those which view man's sorrows from afar,
 And from their mansions in the expanse above
 Look down on all with pity and with love.
 The GLOBE may roll ;—the follies of the WORLD
 And babbling CHRONICLES shall hence be
 hurl'd ;—

All—but Leigh Hunt—and he alone shall stay,
 Who loves the freshness of the summer day,
 Who twines the daisy with the thorns of life,
 And in the greenwood-shade forgets its strife,
 With soul uprising on the breeze's wings
 Beyond the crust and bane of earthly things.

Farewell ! but not for ever—no—the hour
 May come when I shall yet invoke the power
 That wakes in patriot breasts the ardent glow,
 When Freedom mourns, and Tyrants strike the
 blow.

I am not one who can look tamely on
 When deeds of selfish tyranny are done,
 That shed disgrace upon my country's name,
 And blot the brightest records of her fame :—
 Then, shall my spirit like the eaglet soar,
 And Liberty shall find one champion more !

MUSIC.

OH Music ! sweetest, best of human joys,
The soul's pure luxury that never cloys,
The feast of intellect, without a stain
The eye of Memory can review with pain ;—
The world has pleasures which with eager haste
Its senseless vot'ries rush in crowds to taste ;—
Thine are the secret revels of the soul,
A soft indulgence fearing no controul,
A native bliss which there alone has birth,
Unmingled with the baser joys of earth !
Hail to thee, spirit of the mystic thrall !
Who oft as summon'd leav'st thy airy hall,
From low and worldly things to raise mankind,
And share thy riches with a mortal mind.
Queen of the varied spells, within whose scope
Lie past remembrances and future hope,—
Friend of the melancholy hour art thou,
A radiance shed upon the clouded brow,
A passing sunbeam on a winter's day
That smiles upon us with too transient ray.

Thy foe is mine—I cannot willingly
 With that dark spirit hold community,
 For o'er him Discord sure hath passed her hand,
 Or dull Indifference waved her leaden wand.
 There is no child of love or verse but owns
 The potent magic of thy thrilling tones ;
 It is an eloquence of every clime,
 Young in all ages, and defying time,
 Born with Creation in her earliest hour,
 The seal and symbol of her Maker's power.

Enchantress ! I have heard thee on the hill,
 Waking within emotion's deepest thrill,
 As wafted by the fav'ring zephyrs near,
 Thy sounds have stolen upon the raptured ear,
 So calmly sweet, as angel-forms unseen
 Were hymning in the distant sky serene,
 And wand'ring winds which soared aloft to heaven
 The strains celestial to the world had given !
 And I have heard thee when the swelling cry
 Hath loud proclaimed a nation's victory,—
 When thy glad notes a nation's joy have breath'd
 For glories won, and newer laurels wreath'd,
 When every heart by maddening impulse fired
 Hath own'd the feeling that the sounds inspired,
 And thousand voices their response have sent
 In shouts of rapture to the firmament.

Yet, gentle spirit, wherefore lend the strain
 When hapless mortals bleed for tyrants' gain?—
 Why art thou heard upon the field of blood
 Where Discord rages in her angriest mood,
 Where all thy loudest peals prevail alone
 To drown the warrior's faint and dying groan—
 Paying the homage of thy flatt'ring breath
 To war and spoil, to tyrants and to death?
 Yet stay—thou art pardon'd—I will not upbraid,
 Since Freedom hath oft-time rejoiced in thine
 aid—

Thou hast marched by her side, thou hast
 strengthen'd her arm,
 And tyrants have fled from the power of thy
 charm;
 Even empires with silence and trembling have
 hung
 On the accents the children of Freedom have
 sung—

And never while Liberty's flag is unfurl'd
 And her life-giving blessings are dear to the world,
 May the sons of her hope be uncheer'd by the song
 That to vengeance and glory will lead them
 along:—

The gentlest, the fairest have gone to the field,
 And for Liberty caught up the spear and the
 shield,

With the helmet of war they have shaded their
brow,

They have shared in the battle—and why should'st
not thou?

And shall we chide the spirit-stirring power
That cheers the warrior in the battle-hour;
That wins his soul from thoughts with anguish
rife,

And of its terrors half despoils the strife?
If men will war—if nations will not cease
To violate the laws of heaven and peace;
If they will doom their children's blood to flow,
Nor cast one thought upon the bitter woe,—
The thousand deaths—the agonies that live
In wounded hearts far worse than death can
give;—

Still be thou there to charm the list'ning brave,
And hide the horrors of the yawning grave.

From earliest days thou wert the friend of Love,
With ready aid the yielding breast to move—
Whate'er the mood, of joy or restless sorrow,
Thou canst accord and all the feeling borrow—
Sigh with the lorn, and with the glad rejoice,
To each responding with the soothing voice;
Companion of the lover's loneliness,
Sharing his grief until he feels it less;

Or if his suit be won, his bosom light,
 Making the lamp of pleasure burn more bright !
 Thine is the innate language of the heart,
 Unfraught with guile and undisguised by art,
 The unmark'd messenger from each to each,
 Of thoughts that spurn the bound and guise of
 speech,
 Accents that steal upon th' impassioned breast,
 Like wanton breezes on the stream at rest,
 Which trembles first as lightly roused from sleep,
 Then rises stronger, till the troubled deep
 No more displays its calm and wonted form,
 Rolls in dark waves and echoes back the storm.

Is it not sweet when evening shadows fall,
 And silence holds all nature in her thrall,
 To roam secluded by the placid stream
 Which shines resplendent in the moon's pale
 beam,
 Without a breeze to stir the slumb'ring lake,
 Without a thought the bosom's peace to shake,
 Anon to catch some note of melody,
 That breaks alone the sweet tranquillity ?—
 Oh ! what a tide of feelings rushes then !
 Oh ! what a crowd of thoughts pours back again !
 Visions that else had been remembered not,
 Sufferings and blighted hopes almost forgot ;—

Sorrows awaken'd from their sleep of years,
 Vain wishes—and remorse—and mingling fears—
 Dreams of the by-gone time that linger yet,
 Words, looks, and feelings we can ne'er forget—
 Joys that have left us—blessings that remain—
 Mercies that brighten on our course of pain—
 All summoned by the magic of that spell
 Rise at the sound from out their silent cell.

There are Stoics who cry that thy pleasures are
 vain,
 That the pinions of virtue are spread at thy strain ;
 But away with the thought that in raptures so
 sweet

There is aught for the wisest of mortals unmeet.
 Let the bigots be told that our life's tender flower,
 Must be warm'd by the sun, as refresh'd by the
 shower,

Let them learn that the soul in devotion hath risen
 By the aid of thy power, from its cold earthly
 prison ;

That the pityless breast in the rudest of climes,
 By thee hath been soften'd, and won from its
 crimes ;

That man hath been led to religion and love,
 And e'en angels are harping in regions above.
 Aye ! I have heard thee upon holy ground
 Whereon men worship'd—when the solemn sound

Of sacred harmony hath mingled there
With the low whisper of the fervent prayer;
When thou, Devotion's minister, didst raise
The cheerful anthem and the chaunt of praise:—
And what of incense could the soul accord
More sweet and grateful to th' Almighty Lord ?

There have been symbols in the ages fled,
When on the altar votive blood was shed :—
But thou art ours—a stainless sacrifice
Of holy concords wafted to the skies,—
And not an offering sent of man alone,
But of all loveliness the breath and tone;—
The homage yielded by the silent earth
To Him who gave each charm and beauty birth,
The cry of Nature in her inmost soul elate,
The voice and worship of all things inanimate !

August, 1818.

TO HIS FRIEND WILLIAM,
ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

THE day returns—and deem it not
By me unheeded or forgot—
The day when Friendship hastes to bear
The cordial greeting, and the prayer
That coming time thy lot may bless
With lasting peace and happiness.
Though wand'ring, lonely, far removed
From kindred, home, and friends beloved,
Our hearts are with thee on thy way,
And pour, on this thy natal day,
Their tributes and their thoughts of joy
As warmly as thyself wert by:
And though I am but one of those
In whom the fervent feeling glows,
My rapture hath another source
That lends the stream an added force;—
It is—that in the friendly circle, I
Should be the breath and voice of sympathy—
That they, that all who hold thy welfare dear,
May find their warmest feelings echoed here!

MONT-BLANC.

THE Jura was around us—and the walls
Of mighty mountains, in their spacious halls,
Inclosed and barr'd us from the world below
So sure—that by our sense we could not know
That earth was other than it present seem'd :—
But, that it must be our free souls had dreamed
Of plains far stretching, like a boundless sea,
To the horizon's wide immensity.

Our giant guardians frowned on every side,
Our spirits bowed before the mountain's pride,
And owned the sway of forms like these, which
tower

As 't were to scoff at man's so boasted power.
Yet there was beauty in that aspect wild,
And Nature in her majesty still smiled—
Smiled in her craggy temple lone and rude,
Like Love that breathes uncheck'd in solitude.

The heath-flower grew midst rugged stone and
rock,

The field was studded by the grazing flock,

The birds sang joyously—the pastoral bell
 Of browsing cattle rung from out the dell ;—
 The voice of waters as they wander'd by
 Sounded from depths that mocked the searching
 eye,

Yielding a calm and gentle loveliness
 That made the mountain's awful port seem less,
 And gave a harmony, a peaceful air,
 As though celestial beings sojourn'd there.

We journey'd on—unknowing of our way,
 And ling'ring with a half-formed wish to stay,
 As if the world contained no fairer sight
 Than that which then had rapt us with delight.
 A moment brought us to the mountain's brow,
 When, what had been our paradise, was now
 Lost in that new scene's wild sublimity—
 So strange that the astonished eye could see
 Nought that it knew, but deemed it was the birth
 Of dreams that had no kindred with our earth.
 The Alps were ranged before us, and appeared
 In hoary grandeur to the heavens upreared—
 Mountains on mountains crowd upon the eye
 Filling all space with their immensity.
 High o'er their heads in mightier grandeur still
 Mont Blanc the peerless, the imperial hill,

Rose like the monarch of some savage horde
 Whose form and front proclaim him for its lord.
 Their summits brightened in the cloudless heaven,
 Pure—as its azure canopy were given
 To win away the frowns of that stern host,
 Like Mercy hastening when all hope is lost.
 It was another world—and seemed to lie
 Beyond the bounds of our mortality—
 An earth that was not ours—a sphere unknown—
 A place for stainless, heavenly things alone.
 One glance that sought the mountain's feet re-
 called
 Our sense, by that resistless spell entrall'd :
There was Lake Leman—and its lovely fields
 Robed in the fairest forms that Nature yields,
 When in her gentlest most propitious hours
 She wreathes her garland with the gayest flowers.
 It is the valley of the clustering vine,
 The garden where all fairy hues combine,—
 The bright lake smiles with its blue chrystral
 stream,
 The green-sward rests beneath the sunlight's
 beam,
 And the high Alps a silent vigil keep,
 As guards that watch o'er Beauty when asleep.
 Oh ! who could guess, that stood on Jura's height
 And bent in wonder o'er that vale of light,

Vain man breathed there?—his dwellings were
scarce seen
To speck and mingle with the gay earth's green;
We saw not, heard not of his life or cares,
The good and evil that his being shares—
The hush'd calm world that stretch'd below,
around,
Was silent all—save that in us it found
A voice of rapture, and a speaking soul
Whose admiration burst from all controul.
This was our climax—this the master spell
Which bound our spirits, made our bosoms swell
With feelings that but then had kindled there,
And own'd no language but the whispered prayer.
It was a blending of all beauties—fraught
With every precept that to man is taught,
Who from the valley learns his own estate,
Gazes on Alps, and mocks the self-called great,—
Then lifts his glance to the blue vault above,
And rests rejoicing on its face of love.

Father Supreme! the mountains and the sea
Are types and emblems of thy majesty—
They come upon us in their awful forms
As gifted with the ministry of storms—
As things that have destruction in their power,
The mighty sovereigns of the wrathful hour.

Yet still they seem of Time—to melt away
 And sink to darkness with our Nature's day:—
 It is the blue, the calm, the cloudless sky
 That bears the reflex of eternity !
 Than this there is no sweeter, lovelier sight,
 One vast expanse, one flood of gentle light,
 Upon whose surface reigns the peace of heaven,
 The blest tranquillity to angels given.
 In that pure world behold the Sun alone,
 The glorious image of the Eternal throne,
 Shining on earth, with life, and power, and love,
 The sign and witness of the God above.
 And it was such a heaven as this which beamed
 Upon the mountain's grandeur—and these seemed,
 In truth, each with the other to contend
 Which should possess our souls, and make them
 bend
 In worship of their wonders—but our gaze
 Was not on one but all—our fixed amaze
 Paid homage to the spirit of the scene,
 That breathed i'th' air, the vale, the hills be-
 tween,—
 Which seemed to link their beauties, and to rise
 With earth's oblations to the smiling skies.

There was one miracle we knew not then,
 One mightier marvel that escaped our ken,

Yet was within us—in the soul of man
 Gifted with life, and faculties to scan
 The broad fair page of Nature, and to find
 The deep-writ traces of th' Almighty mind—
 The Power who gave us being, joy, and hope,
 And placed the universe within our scope—
 Bade us seek pleasure in the morning's birth,
 In starlight splendours and in hues of earth,
 In the bright glories of the changing sky,
 The mountain's and the ocean's deep sublimity—
 And taught of these, to spurn each selfish thrall,
 And own a good supreme,—a God in all !

November, 1819.

LAKE LEMAN.

LAKE LEMAN farewell ! should I never again
 Be a wand'rer beside thy blue wave,
 Yet thy mem'ry enshrined in my heart shall re-
 main,
 'Till the wild flower bends over my grave.

Thy waters of beauty that brightly are flowing,
 How they bound like a deer in its fleet-
 ness—
 As the warm pulse of youth when in rapture 'tis
 glowing
 With a love just disclosing its sweetness.

E'en the bosom of grief must partake of thy glad-
 ness,
 And acknowledge thy power to beguile ;
 For the heart cannot greet that pure mirror in
 sadness,
 Nor gaze without sharing thy smile.

Our youth is a shadow—the span of our days
 Is as brief as the joy of the bird,
 Which in summer pours o'er thee the voice of his
 lays,
 But in winter no longer is heard.

And even as he hath forsaken thy shore,
 And hath left thee all silent and lone,—
 Our voice and our steps shall be with thee no
 more,
 But be mourn'd with the days that are gone.

Yet thy youth and thy strength, ever ardent and
brave,

Shall remain undiminished by time—

And the hue of thy waters, the bound of thy wave,
Be the charm of thy still blooming prime.

And should I in age be left sad and alone,

I shall call up the memory of thee—

I shall think that thy child, the impatient young
Rhône,

Is still rushing to meet the dark sea.

If the tomb have then closed o'er the friends of
my heart,

I shall fly to that image, the last—

As the friend of long years, that will never depart
Ere my life and its troubles be past.

That remembrance shall banish my sorrow away

As thy voice shall still sound in mine ear—

And my bosom grow light, as it dwells on the day
When in youth I first gazed on thee here.

November, 1819.

ON HEARING
THE MUSIC OF MY COUNTRY
AT INTERLAKEN IN SWITZERLAND.

OH listen ! the tones of the land of my birth
With their magic now steal on the ear ;—
There is not a spot in this wide-spreading earth,
Where to me they can cease to be dear.

The mountains close round us—these vallies are
far
From the isle whence those melodies come ;
But the sweeter their sound, the more distant we
are
From the land of our love and our home.

And can we forget the delights that were wreath'd
With the strains vowed to Memory's shrine ?
Oh ! we cannot forget the kind hearts that have
breath'd
Those notes in the days of “ lang-syne.”

What are the sounds can impart such a thrill
 As those which now float on the gale ?
 They have traversed the ocean, the plain, and the
 hill,
 And have sought our retreat in this vale.

They are wafted from Britain, our own native land,
 In our breasts to awaken the glow
 Which the thought of our country must ever com-
 mand,
 While the life-blood continues to flow.

And shall we not hail them as spirits of bliss,
 In our wand'rings hastening to cheer us,
 With the fancy that, list'ning to music like this,
 The friends of our bosom are near us ?

On the wings of those sounds come the smiles of
 our friends,
 And the memories of home and of heart ;—
 Every dream of our lives its enchantment now
 sends
 Its tribute of joy to impart.

For many an hour in the years yet unwasted
 Those notes shall breathe round us delight,
 But never a rapture like that we have tasted
 From the sounds that have bless'd us to-night.

Interlaken adieu ! for Time hastens away ;—
 But these melodies still shall remain,
And shall visit us oft in the happy long day
 When our Country smiles on us again.

THE
A L C H E M I S T,
&c. &c.

THE
ALCHEMIST.

No. I.

“ Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, *and good in every thing.*”

As you like it. Act II. Scene 1.

GENTLE reader! be not astonished or alarmed at the character in which I present myself to your notice: restrain the flight of your imagination, which I know is already on the wing, and look at me again before you endeavour to form any conclusions respecting me. I entreat the curious man to be patient; the credulous not to expect more marvels than he will find in the History of the Caliph Vathek; the incredulous to wait till he be convinced that I am not mad; and the lady to moderate her anticipations of gaining, by my means, a husband and a coach-and-four. Ladies and gentlemen, let me beg of you to be silent;

grant me a few moments' attention while I undertake to dissipate your alarms, repress your significant smiles, and gratify the curiosity of all, by assuring you that I am a most harmless, inoffensive creature; that I neither carry sulphur in my pockets, nor propose to pay off the national debt; that I am not a conjuror, nor a coiner; a quack doctor, nor a Member of the College of Physicians. I am neither a Fellow of the Royal Society, nor of the Rosicrucian Fraternity; and am very apprehensive I shall disappoint all the frequenters of shilling lectures, and the whole body of apothecaries' apprentices. In few words, I am a plain man, having a plain object. I have no ambition to be thought either an adept or an illuminé:—I am an Alchemist, it is true; but I am not the disciple of Avicenna, of Friar Bacon, of Ramond Lully, nor of any of the worthies who sought to discover the secret of transmuting inferior metal into gold, or of prolonging human existence by their infallible elixir. Mine is a nobler alchemy; I would dive into the arcana of the heart and the understanding; separate the gold from the dross, and exhibit it in all its native purity and lustre. My metal is the human mind; my crucible is truth, and my laboratory the world!

Good is my gold,—and, with as much confidence as ever Alchemist possessed, do I assert, that gold may be found in every thing. I would show that the true way of promoting the happiness of mankind is, by a moral alchemy to divest the intellectual faculty of its alloys of error and ignorance ; to teach it to seek for good every where, until it arrive, by certain process, at the conviction, that virtue is the only agent which is capable of converting the heterogeneous materials of human character and human knowledge into a genuine and lasting good. This mighty science I should rejoice to see taught in all lands, till the earth became one vast university, and all mankind its graduates. I challenge all the professors of all the sciences, to oppose to mine any that afford a more extended field of speculation ; proposing, as I do, to find good in the most hidden recesses, and to detect its presence in all things. No subject is too high or too low for this purpose—in man, from the prince to the peasant ; in books, from the folio to the ballad ; in mirth and in sadness ; in philosophy and in passion ; in the pride of reason and in the humiliation of superstition. From all, I hope to elicit something that shall instruct and please ; but to do this, it will be necessary to show Vice her own

deformity, as well as “ Virtue her own feature;” and, in detaching the evil from the good, to expose its worthlessness and its pernicious qualities, that future students in the art may learn to appreciate its true character, and detect the fallacy of its appearance. The results of these my chemic researches I intend communicating to the world *weekly*, with all the accuracy of deduction that I am master of, and all the variety of experiment that the science allows; happy, if I can produce gold where the unreflecting least expect it, and giving a scientific shake of the head at the alloy of base metal, that so often passes for pure *aurum* with the thoughtless multitude. If I can make it manifest that religion is not bigotry; dissimulation not honesty; affectation not refinement; that rhyme is not always poetry; and that the letters L, O, V, E, often stand for any thing else than *love*, I shall be satisfied. Let not the “ mad wag” laugh, and say—“ this Alchemist, like all venders of nostrums for the benefit of mankind, will be found to have a powerful inclination for transporting certain pieces of metal from our pockets into his own;” because I affirm, and without fear of contradiction, that I am the cheapest Alchemist that ever existed. There is not an instance on record of any of them who

undertook to diffuse his knowledge for so small a sum as I require.

And farther, as it is fit that my readers should imbibe becoming notions of my character and dignity, I will add, that I am not only the cheapest, but the most useful, most potent, most charitable, and most agreeable Alchemist that the art has produced. I am the most useful, because my discoveries are not confined to any particular class of students, nor loaded with the technicalities of an abstruse science, that render them interesting to the learned alone; on the contrary, it is my most special desire that the whole world should read my papers. I intend they should be serviceable to *all*;—and I hereby give notice, that every man who has been endeavouring to extract happiness from the materials presented to him, and, by forming wrong combinations, has missed his object, may come to me, and I will put him right. I will teach the man of pleasure to seek it where he never thought of looking for it—in his own company;—the misanthrope to glean it in the society of his fellow-men;—the despairing lover to find it on this side the grave, and the infidel on the other. I will show the lady why she has lost her seven suitors, and the author why his last poem is unread. I will tell

them why they are all wrong—that they are mere tyros in the chemistry of life; that they have had the best and most powerful drugs in the great laboratory of nature; that they have erred in mingling them, and the fault is their own. I claim to be the most potent, because I am convinced no one will dispute my authority: there is not a man living who will be so rebellious as to tell me I cannot draw some gold from him; while on the other hand, how many will eagerly submit themselves to the operation of my art, in the full confidence that gold may be found within; but, alas! we know by fatal experience that “all is not gold that glitters:” the proverb is somewhat musty, as Shakspeare has it. On this very account I am the most charitable of Alchemists, for I reject nothing as useless, and profess to discover some good in every thing; like the well-digger who advertises to find water in any part of the kingdom, I undertake to find my gold in the worst heart and most obtuse skull that can be produced. Is not this charity?—but let not the fool imagine I shall suffer his folly to pass current for wit, or the bad man to disseminate his evil unmarked. Truth cannot be honoured unless error be exposed; I shall, therefore, denounce empirics of all descriptions—impudent venders

of false opinions, bad morals, and bad taste, and gratis distributors of mischief and deceit. Having said thus much, I think it will readily be admitted that I am also the most agreeable of my fraternity : but under this head I think it right to address a few words to the fair sex, whose favour I am particularly anxious to conciliate, assuring them that they and their affairs shall always receive the greatest attention from the Alchemist, who will be ever ready to give them his advice and assistance, teaching them to pick out the gold in a lover's character, and to discriminate the appearances of baser metal. Besides, ladies, you are not to suppose that I am a cross-grained, old fellow, who shuts himself up in a workshop all day, and comes out in the evening with a dirty cravat, and a wig put on awry—no such thing believe me. I am not yet past the age when a lady's smile may work miracles, and the language of the eye be translated by the heart. I neither take snuff nor talk Greek, and I may, for ought I know, sometime in the course of my life, have written love verses. I beseech you also to remember, that the more you admit me into your company, the more gold will my papers exhibit, and the more its value will be appreciated. The ladies will also be pleased to learn that I do not

intend meddling with politics, for indeed, in all my experiments upon statesmen, I have always found the mixture of brass and lead so far to exceed the gold, that the latter was scarcely worth the trouble of extracting. I fancy I have now sufficiently introduced myself to my readers for my present purpose. I shall, therefore, terminate this number with inviting my friends to furnish me with the materials for gold, that I may return as much as possible to the world, through the medium of my lucubrations. I am ready to give advice to the sick, instruction to the ignorant, and wealth to the needy, without any other fee than the purchase of my Essays.

All communications for the Alchemist addressed to will be duly attended to, if free of expense, as I have not yet obtained an Act of Parliament for transmuting his Majesty's silver and copper currency into gold.

F.

THE
ALCHEMIST.

No. II.

“ Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, *and good in every thing.*”

As you like it. Act II. Scene I.

IT is really surprising what a number of communications I have received from all classes of people—some giving and some asking advice; some pleased and some displeased with my project; some encouraging me to proceed, and others assuring me, “with the sincerity of a friend,” that it is quite idle to expect any considerable degree of *good* in these degenerate days, then favouring me with their convictions of the causes of said degeneracy—many of them as opposite as the Poles: on this subject I shall reserve my own opinion for the present, only expressing my confidence of being able to elicit as

much gold as will be requisite for my purpose, and more than the short-sighted and prejudiced anticipate. I am so sensible, however, of the friendly intentions of all, that I shall devote this day's paper to a selection of their various opinions, recommendations, and petitions. Were I, indeed, to attend to every suggestion, or agree with every anathema, "Othello's occupation" would soon be gone; for it has often happened in the perusal of my correspondence, that I have scarcely made up my mind to comply with the wishes of one, by praising something that pleases him, when I stumble upon another letter advising me to reject it altogether; so that, being somewhat confused by this war of advocates and opponents, I began to think I should be in a similar situation to him who interposes between two adversaries, which is generally tantamount to being ground in a mill or pounded in a mortar. I am desired by one to arraign the whole host of continental travellers; while another is positive that I shall never find any good on this side the channel, but that on the other the virtues of the inhabitants are so numerous and striking, that *he* was irresistibly impelled to bestow all his money upon them: one lady hopes that I will write against the methodists, for that ever since

her husband was bitten by one of them, he (poor misguided man!) has done nothing but go to meeting, and give away his money to the poor. On the other hand, a charitable old lady earnestly exhorts me to have nothing to do with the theatres, “for that playhouses, play-goers, play-writers, and play-actors, were all sold to the devil long ago.” To neither of these can I make any satisfactory reply. One man defies me to find any good in his wife, even with a microscope; another thinks I might devote a corner of my paper to the extraordinary qualities of his son Charles—“a most surprising boy of his age,” with a variety of particulars and hints, that were I to insert, would, I fear, lead to an awkward correspondence with the Stamp Office. A witty gentleman in the East, one of the Magi, I suppose, has favoured me with an epistle, the intent of which will be best answered by being given entire to my readers.

Threadneedle Street.

MR. ALCHEMIST,

I have read yours of the instant, and must say I have no fault to find with it as far as it goes; that is, as a promissory note, which as you seem to be a man of experience

in your business, I dare say will not be dis-honoured. But I must tell you, I am afraid your metal will not be of any service to me, for I am much in want of the real, substantial bullion—whereas your circulating medium seems to be *paper*, of which there is already a surplus in the market, and unless it shall become as current as a bank note, I fear it will soon be at a discount in the city. My disorder—an alarming one—is want of money, and if you can give me a “*sovereign* remedy” for that, I shall thank you. Yours,

GREGORY GRASP.

To this chuckling, and I doubt not, satisfied personage, I shall say nothing; I have given his wit to the world, and that I fancy was all he wanted: when a man feels a strong propensity to show his talents, who can be so barbarous as to deny him the opportunity? But here is one from a lady, let all the rest give place:—

MR. ALCHEMIST,

You promised in your first number to tell us something about love, and as I have had some very odd symptoms lately, I thought I could not do better than ask your advice; but I

hope you will let me have an answer the very first opportunity, for I am anxious to know whether my conjectures are right or not. There is a very handsome young man—indeed, quite an Adonis, who comes to our house, and is so kind and attentive to me that I cannot help thinking—but never mind that, I am only to speak of myself now—whenever he comes into the room, I feel so odd, you have no idea, somehow all in a flutter. Then, he sighs very often, and I am sure to catch myself sighing too; and half a dozen times in a day I wish I was walking on the sea-shore, listening to the waves, or that he was there too, reading poetry,—he reads poetry sweetly—aye, and writes it besides. The other day he showed me some verses about Hebe and the Graces, and I know not who else, signed Lysander; and so I wrote an Ode to Venus, beginning—

“ Bright, celestial Paphian Queen,”

and, would you believe it, I wrote Hermia underneath, without thinking, as naturally as if it had been my own christened name: Was not that droll? You remember Lysander and Hermia are the names of two lovers in the Midsummer Night’s Dream. A few evenings since

we both were to have gone to a ball, but papa would not let me go, which distressed me so much that I cried bitterly—which I never used to do—and could not get a wink of sleep all night for thinking of Lysander, so that in the morning I looked as pale as ashes, which made my sister say—“ La! Peggy, (that is my proper name) how white you look!” and then I blushed quite red—which I never used to do. Very often when I am at work, I prick my finger by accident, and it always makes me think of Cupid’s darts. I am grown so fond of Romeo and Juliet, and the Sorrows of Werter, that I could read them from morning till night. Oh! I could tell you a great deal more, but I believe I have said enough. Now for it—“ Lie still, my heart.”

Pray, sir, am I in love?

HERMIA.

To this I can only answer—No!! you are not in love, and what is more, you never will be, till all these things are out of your head.

I am sorry to find some misapprehensions have existed respecting the design of my papers; some expect me to work miracles for them, though I expressly declared I was no conjuror;

while others are afraid of me, notwithstanding what I said of the extent of my power, and the harmlessness of my disposition.

Take the following as a specimen of the former:—

MR. ALCHEMIST,

I am a bookseller and publisher with a large family, and I humbly crave your assistance in circumstances of great distress. You must know, sir, I published Mr. * * * * 's last quarto, and (grieved I am to say it) the public, after diligent search, are not able to find any gold in it at all, and consequently I cannot get any out of it, though, heaven knows, it has extracted a large quantity out of my pocket for paper, printing, &c. Now, worthy sir, as you have undertaken to find gold in the most hidden recesses, perhaps, you may be successful here, and be able to show the world that it is quite mistaken, and that the work does really contain some of that precious material. If you will do this, you would not only confer a lasting obligation on me and my family, but acquire the reputation of having made one of the most original discoveries of the present age.

Your obedient Servant,

MATTHEW MARGIN.

I dare say I should. Now, though I am sorry for the poor man's misfortunes, I cannot assist him, for it would occupy more time than I could possibly afford, on account of the immense bulk of the subject of operation. When the reviewers have carted away the rubbish, I might be induced to try, as I have no doubt the remainder would lie in a very small compass.

A curious adventure of this kind happened to me on the morning after the publication of my first Essay. I was taking my breakfast, as usual, wrapt in meditation, when I was aroused by a tap at my chamber door, and the entrance of my landlady, a respectable elderly woman with whom I have always been on the best terms. I observed that her countenance betrayed symptoms of uneasiness, and that she looked round the room with evident signs of apprehension. When seated, she began by saying, "I beg your pardon, sir, but I have something particular to mention to you, which has made me very uncomfortable,—indeed I have had no sleep all night." "Dear me, madam," said I, "I am extremely sorry—but what was the cause?" "Oh, sir, it was for fear any thing should happen." Totally in the dark, I replied, "Happen, ma'am, why what should happen?" "Dear sir, excuse me,

but the printer's boy told me last night that you was an Alchemist." " Well," I said, " it is true I am the Alchemist, but what of that?" " Why, sir, only to think, you know, if with your mixings and pounding, and sulphur and gunpowder, you should chance to set the house on fire, what would become of me, a poor widow as I am, without a friend," &c. &c.

I now began to see a little, and after a few more questions I discovered that she had been referring to the article "Alchemist" in a cheap Cyclopaedia, and had there found that certain of the fraternity in the "olden time" were occasionally in the habit of blowing up houses, and themselves out of the window, to the great injury and affright of his Majesty's loving subjects. Having thus ascertained the cause, I proceeded to dissipate her fears as speedily as possible, by assuring her that I had no combustibles in my apartment; that my whole stock consisted merely of pens, ink, and paper; and that I neither belonged to a gas-light company nor a steam packet, of both which the good lady has an inconceivable horror. She then begged my pardon repeatedly for the intrusion, and said she felt her heart quite lightened, but added, as she was going out—" Perhaps, sir, you would be so kind as to keep it as quiet as you can, for if the fire office was to find

that a person with such a frightful name lived here, they would insist on the house being insured as doubly hazardous." Good! exclaimed I, when she was gone, this would do for an essay on prejudice. How readily do men imbibe notions that they suffer to remain impressed upon the mind, which a little serious examination would inevitably have destroyed. How often do they confound words and ideas, without consideration, and form prejudices against mere names, the meaning of which they do not understand, or perhaps have scarcely thought of. Strange, indeed, are the freaks of prejudice, and dangerous as a blind man shooting poisoned arrows. Few things are more easily introduced—few things more difficult to be eradicated, and to contend with its pertinacity is a work of no mean labour and patience. I shall subjoin a very sensible letter I have received on this very subject.

" I highly approve, Mr. Alchemist, of your undertaking, and the principles on which it is founded. But let me ask, if you have sufficiently considered the difficulties you are likely to encounter from prejudice. You, as a philosopher, may be perfectly convinced of the practicability of finding good every where ; but if you paid that deference to the prejudices of mankind

which they invariably require, you would stand a great chance of finding it no where. What is there that is not under the ban of some party, or the victim of some prejudice? and you will soon perceive, that it is not the bad quality of your materials that will be an obstacle in your way, but the estimation in which those materials are held—the predetermination that what you have declared may be rendered of use, is radically worthless and incorrigible. One man rejects this—another man despises that—and he who avows the idea of finding good in all things, will be surprised to discover that he stands alone against “a world in arms.”

Yours, &c.

AMICUS.

I thank my correspondent for his friendly lines, though I do not partake of his fears. I admit the power and influence of prejudices, and it is my object to diminish them as much as possible by demonstrating to mankind, that what their rash judgments have condemned altogether, may, by a skilful process, be shown to contain that which is useful and good. Nor do I apprehend that I shall have the “world in arms” against me, for as I must have the coincidence

of some on particular points, I hope so far to gain their favour, as to obtain concessions on others where we differ. I should far exceed my limits were I to prosecute this idea now, but I shall most probably resume it with the subject of prejudices generally at another opportunity.

A.

SCINTILLULÆ.

1817.

I WAS walking up Fleet Street one evening, just after Napoleon's unexpected return to France from Elba, ruminating on the extraordinary events that had recently occurred in the political world. "Confusion to the wretch!" exclaimed I; "may the irresistible hand of the Avenger be raised against the man, who thus sets himself in opposition to the peace of the world, and rends the hearts of thousands, to elevate himself upon a pinnacle of straw!" At this moment, a crowd assembled before the door of a public house attracted my attention; I stopped:—It was a dragoon taking leave of his friends previous to his setting out for the continent: he was sitting on his horse, and drinking his parting glass with a serene cheerfulness that interested me, and determined me to witness the end of the adventure. His steed was impatient and restless, but he checked him with the mildness

of good temper, as one who felt that this moment was not of an ordinary character—that it was a time to be composed and considerate. He said something to each of his companions, who pressed round to greet him with a hearty shake of the hand, and wishes for his welfare. A little boy pushed forward to utter his simple salutation—“Good bye, Tom.”—“Good bye—God bless you!” replied the soldier, with earnestness. The expression and the manner pierced my very soul. A chill came o'er me—I feel it now. He turned his horse—galloped off, and in an instant he was gone! “Yes! he was gone, and it might be that he would never return;—he was about to plunge into a strife which concerned him not; he was going to risk his life—for what?—that a few unfeeling mortals might enjoy a few more vanities; that one might tyrannise over his fellow-men, and claim their confidence even from their destruction! In that same hour—for that same purpose—how many partings rent the hearts of those who could reap nothing from its results but misery! how many eyes are filled with tears—the wife for the husband—the father for the child—the friend for the friend! what waste of affliction!—hearts broken for the heartless—tears for the tearless—sorrow for the senseless!

O ye reasoners ! O ye wise ! ye arguers of right and wrong ! ye advocates of policy and glory ! close up your tomes of sophistry and art ; turn to the page of Nature ! Listen to the widow's and to the orphan's cry ; behold the despair of age, and the phrenzy of youth ; scan the black catalogue of ill that war hath framed—and then"—

My foot struck against a stone—
“ Pshaw ! I wish that soldier had been in Belgium.”

SAINT OMER is a large, irregular, antique town, containing many remains of former grandeur and importance. Entering by the Lille road, a fine ruin presents itself to view—I believe it had been the cathedral : and in winding through the gloomy intricacies of the city, you behold several towers and large buildings, either dilapidated or grossly perverted from their original design—the wretched effects of revolutionary fury ! It was just twilight when we strolled through the deserted streets, where, but for the British troops quartered in the town, we should scarcely have met a passenger. In a retired part we found a large church, uninjured, and here we were ar-

rested by the sound of a bell—so sweet and so melodious, so solemn and so impressive, that I never can forget it. It tolled the hour of eight; it seemed like the knell of departed days—a lone relic of the past in its solitary tower—a remembrancer of the former generation—a monitor of the present! It was an awful moment of reflection—a history—an oracle! No tale of well-remembering old age—no moralist with all his eloquence—no spirit from the grave could create feelings more serious and more powerful than those produced by the magic of that bell; we were alone—not a human being—not a sound disturbed the silence. The barking of a dog at length indicated the appearance of some one; an old woman emerged from a cottage, with whom we entered into conversation; she told us of the ravages and atrocities of the revolution; of the numerous magnificent religious buildings that had previously existed; deplored their ruin, and the decay which appeared to extend its withering influence every where. This I say—this was a volume; and when I would meditate on mortal nothingness—on Time and on Eternity—I think of the warning bell of Saint Omer.

ON our return from France, we occupied a spare hour in taking a cursory survey of Dover. The castle first claimed our attention. It is beautifully situated on a steep eminence looking towards the sea, and commands a most extensive and charming prospect. The ascent to it is by several flights of steps cut from the rock. At a resting place, about half way up, we stopped to gaze upon the delightful view that presented itself. We were suddenly surprised by the tinkling of a small bell close to us; looking round, we at length perceived a bell placed on a post, where also was a board with the inscription—"Pray remember the poor Debtors." To this bell was attached a rope, the other end of which communicated with a grated window of the castle above, and through the bars was distinctly seen a human countenance—some unhappy being whom misfortune had thus placed in a confinement doubly horrible. We searched for some money, but alas! we had none; we had just landed, and had not hitherto occasion for any,—here was a disappointment. With what feelings of humiliation did I descend the steps—conscious that the poor prisoner was watching us—that he saw us return without bestowing one farthing to alleviate the dis-

tresses of imprisonment. He knew not we had no money,—what could he think of us? He—whose cell adjoins the noisy street, where the bustle, the occupation, and the converse of mankind amuse his eye and ear:—he—who sees nought but the dungeon walls and his jailor's unpitying visage—both are happy compared with the prisoner of Dover Castle. He is wretched in the midst of happiness; pleasures invite him on every side, but he cannot grasp them; the heavens smiling above—the sea with all its gliding barks—the busy town—the vale rich in its fertility, and sprinkled with the humble cots of rustic happiness—all these are daggers to his soul—they are within his view, but enjoyment is not within his reach. He is a captive in the very paradise of liberty:—

“ Lone as a solitary cloud—
A single cloud on a sunny day—
A frown upon the atmosphere,
Which hath no business to appear,
When skies are blue, and earth is gay.”

He sees the world, but the world sees not him; he hath no intercourse with men—his eyes see them, but his ears hear them not—they “ come like shadows, so depart.” Is not this torture—

misery—barbarity? What seek ye, creditors?—security alone, or biting demon-like revenge,—if the last, here you may be gratified.

IF there be a character which in my estimation is peculiarly despicable, it is that of a clergyman inattentive to moral propriety. I do not mean *vices* which incur the censure of the law, and cause expulsion from the sacred office, but those deviations from a Christian deportment, which however they may find palliatives in other cases, in that of a teacher of religion and virtue admit of no excuse. Whatever is lax in morals, in sentiment, or decorum, becomes doubly pernicious from such examples. Error is magnified—folly is more contemptible, and vice more hideous when springing from a source that ought to be so pure. I have been told with complacency, though I never heard without indignation, of the puppyism of one clergyman—of the oaths of another, and the revelry of a third—men whose duty it is to denounce folly, blasphemy, and drunkenness!!!

I have no wish to deprive the ministers of

religion of innocent amusements and cheerfulness, or to see them with their eyes and hands continually uplifted to heaven, like the monumental figures in Westminster Abbey, but I do wish to see them preserve the dignity of their character, by a discreet, sober deportment. To linger on the margin of the gulph of sin, always appears to me like an inclination to plunge in, from which the party is only deterred by that second-hand spectre, the opinion of the world, and even that is sometimes deficient in effect. I am shocked as I run over in my mind the catalogue of living clerical vagabonds—of revellers —gamblers—and duellists !!! such men must be ignorant of the book it is their duty to expound, or they are practical liars to themselves and to God.

A
COMPARATIVE VIEW
OF
BRITISH LITERATURE,
DURING
THE LAST HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS.

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THE epochs of literature, with their distinctive features, have been commonly marked in so decided a manner, and the operation of the causes producing the change has been so obvious and clear, that the revolutions of the literary world have become as much matters of history as those of empires; and the inquirer has been enabled, not only to assign the periods when particular styles, tastes, and classes of study have arisen and declined, but also to trace them to their origin in those impressions on the human mind, which give tone to the manners and character of an age, whether arising from the ordinary progress

of intellectual improvement, or from causes more artificial and temporary in their nature. At the present time, literary history is cultivated to a very considerable extent, though not more than its importance deserves, deeply connected as it is with the best interests of mankind—with the foundations of morality and knowledge, and with those hidden springs which are continually acting upon the destinies, character, and condition of nations, as well as upon the happiness and relations of individual men. To enlarge on the reciprocal influence which literature and society exercise upon each other, would exceed the design and limits of this Essay, which is intended merely as an auxiliary contribution, to the inquiries that may be justly termed the philosophy of literature; which regarding this last as one of the mightiest engines of human happiness and virtue, would contemplate its action and effects in a comprehensive view of its powers and importance.

In Great Britain, the eighteenth century was distinguished beyond all its predecessors for the number of men of learning it produced—for the extent and variety of their labours, and for the general diffusion of knowledge which was the necessary consequence. Although few years have

elapsed since these men were living among us, and enjoying the meridian of their reputation, it is a remarkable fact, that the style and opinions of the present age are as opposite to those of the last, as if numerous generations had intervened. So marked is the distinction, and so generally understood, that we refer to the writings of the “old school” and the “last age” without the least chance of being misunderstood. The principles that have wrought this change will afford materials for much curious reflection, involving the consideration of important revolutions in manners, knowledge, and the constitution of society. In taking a cursory view of this interesting period, it is not intended to enter into minute comparisons of particular schools or authors, or to decide upon the individual pretensions of living writers; but to survey the prominent features of the several branches of literature, and the alterations produced in them by their governing causes.

The first school of British literature was that founded in the reigns of Elizabeth and James, by the genius of Bacon, Shakspeare, Spenser, Jonson, Buchanan, Sidney, and a series of illustrious names, who enriched the land with some of the earliest flowers of native growth, after the soil

began to be cleared of the weeds of superstition and ignorance, which had hitherto defied all attempts at cultivation. The impulse given to the minds of men by the reformation, was most animating and powerful: freed from the chains of bigotry, the imagination bounded over the fields of knowledge in the unrestrained pursuit of intellectual pleasure. The confined and perverted studies of the cloister decayed with the cloisters themselves; a spirit of inquiry was diffused among the people; a love of poetry and the arts was conspicuous in the court; speculation and adventure characterized the age; ships sailed to explore lands unknown, and while a new and material world was laid open to the navigator's view, another and an equally unexplored world of mental wonders engaged the attention of the philosopher and the poet.

The leading character of the compositions of this period, is originality of idea and expression; for in the absence of models, the writers were compelled to draw on their own resources of observation and fancy. Hence we find in their productions an abundance of imagery—a richness of fancy, and what may be styled a lavish expenditure of words, all denoting unexhausted stores of mental wealth, and a free dispensing

of it, by a genius uncramped in its operations by poverty of materials, or dread of criticism. In Shakspeare we have all these employed in the noblest situations—in tracing the intricate mazes of the human character—in sublime contemplations—in fanciful descriptions of overflowing richness—forming altogether a combination that seemed to anticipate the refined philosophy of succeeding ages, while presenting an epitome of the genius, the originality, and the spirit of his own.

Spenser, in the path which he has selected, is still more luxuriant. His description, his allegory, and his verse, are cloying from over-sweetness; he seems to have lost himself in a labyrinth of odoriferous plants, and to be intoxicated with their perfume, scattering his treasures with unsparing profusion, as if compelled to drain the too abundant mine. The same spirit is discernible in the writings of the profound Bacon, which display a similar fulness of thought and extended reach of speculation, indicating a masterly survey of unexamined subjects and sublime inquiries, to which many of the modern philosophers are indebted for original ideas that they have refined and improved. Another great characteristic of this school, is the strict attention to

nature and genuine feeling manifested throughout its writings. The refinements of art had then little influence on manners or literature; rules of criticism and precedents of authority were, in a great measure, unknown, so that a writer was not diverted from his primary objects—the study of truth, nature, and man. His ideas were just, striking, and comprehensive, because he delineated from Nature herself, and consequently his expressions were strong, nervous, and appropriate. The principal defect was the want of refinement; his phrases were homely but accurate—the very ruggedness of which was an evidence of their truth, and the image created in the mind was never less vivid, because the phraseology was plain. Of this a variety of instances could be adduced from these writings, but it would be a digression foreign to our purpose. The simplicity of manners, and the romantic spirit that prevailed, were naturally transferred to the literary compositions, which reflect the bland and chivalrous disposition of the age, with a licence of style and feeling incidental to a people just emerged from barbarism and ignorance into intellectual freedom and novelty of enjoyment.

In the violent and fanatical times of Charles the First and Cromwell, this fine spirit neces-

sarily sustained much injury, for not only was the attention diverted from literary subjects by the wars in which the whole nation shared, but those who continued to write were employed in promoting the views of party prejudice, and in perverting reason and philosophy to answer temporary and unworthy purposes. The nervous and expressive style of composition, although thus misapplied and impaired by the sophistry of which it became the medium, was not, however, extinguished at once, but gradually frittered away by these and succeeding causes, into forced illustration and refined verbiage. Nevertheless, it is to this period that we owe the sublime productions of Milton, whose extraordinary genius, soaring above the trivialities and the pinioned flutterings of his day, has bequeathed us a work, of which any age or nation might be proud, uniting in one composition sublimity of thought and vigour of expression—magnificence of design, loftiness of imagery, and refinement of language, all blended together with the utmost harmony and justness of poetical feeling. There is, perhaps, no single work in our language combining so many qualities, and in such perfection. It is supported throughout by the same internal fire which seems to animate and to breathe in

every word, and without which, the poem, notwithstanding its advantages of subject and novelty, would have been as languid and heavy as the great mass of blank verse that succeeded it.

At the Restoration, the principal features of taste in literature and the arts underwent a farther change, from the introduction of French models, manners, and opinions,—not effected speedily, but silently sapping its way through the foundations of taste and elegance, and cherished by the subsequent prevalence of foreign style and customs, until the system finally attained its climax in the eighteenth century. The great principle of this new style was an artificial refinement, anxiously employed in the selection of words as the media of ideas, to which the ideas themselves were strained to subserviency, and were regarded as a secondary consideration. The exquisite polish of a fine surface renders the intrinsic value of the materials beneath a matter of inferior importance, and thus was the attention transferred from the substantial qualities of composition, to those which were merely decorative and auxiliary. Art was preferred to nature; the restraints of arbitrary rule to the free aspirations of genius; verbal conceits to profound thought; the wit of rhyme to the abstraction of

poetry. Nor were any of the arts exempt from the influence of this corrupt taste. Architecture was degraded by the introduction of a barbarous style, whose only characteristics were massive ugliness, and the total want of all symmetry. The beautiful forms of Greece, and the simple grandeur of the Gothic structures were discarded for the cumbrous and misshapen edifices of France and Holland; the natural and elegant gave way to the formal and artificial; the striking and magnificent to the ponderous and mean. Nature herself was too “wild in her attire” for the reformers of beauty; they clothed her in the absurd costume of art; parcelling out the face of the soil and its productions with mathematical precision, and labouring to regulate the vegetable world by the laws of angular construction. This system was too ridiculous even for the notions of those times, and drew down the satire and reprobation of the wits whose ideas were not quite reduced to the level of these despoilers of nature. Pope, however, when ridiculing the prevailing folly in his celebrated epistle to the Earl of Burlington, does not seem to have been conscious that his own verses were liable to the same imputation of bad taste. The costume of the day was of a similar character—unwieldy and incon-

venient in itself, and destroying all symmetry of form; while its influence was so general and arbitrary, that it was continually introduced into the arts, producing the greatest incongruities in dramatic exhibitions, sculpture, and painting, where it was suffered to exclude all harmony of effect, and to deface the impressions which the design was intended to create. Such a general perversion of taste in the arts, could not occur without a corresponding degeneracy in the style and subjects of literary composition, and in this instance, the evil influence was but too evident throughout. We find it in the laboured writing—the mechanical reasoning—the languid enthusiasm, and absence of genuine and elevated feeling which mark the productions of this period, arising sometimes from the meretricious style in which they were composed, and sometimes from the incapacity of the subjects to call forth the nobler powers of genius and reason. This will be more clearly illustrated when we advert to the different branches of literature in detail. It may appear singular that such a censure should be bestowed on an age adorned by the fame of Locke, Addison, Pope, Thomson, Bentley, Bolingbroke, Swift, and many more whose names are regarded with admiration and respect, as the

classics of our country; but be it remembered that in condemning the spirit that pervades the mass, we do not include what is really excellent, or from its nature exempt from the influence we deprecate. Locke was great, because his subjects were beyond the reach of ordinary and conventional impressions. Addison was elegant, because, in labouring to improve the morals, and to refine the taste and manners of his age, he had to inculcate by example, and to persuade by gentleness and grace. The follies he chastised were those of fashionable society—the business of life was his theme, and as far as the limits of his path would allow, did his excellence extend. The same observations will apply to Pope, though in a less degree, being qualified by the circumstance that he was much more under the influence of artificial habits than Addison. These are also more visible in verse than elsewhere; besides that the personal character of Pope was of a similar cast, and contained little of true feeling and unsophisticated nature. None of these writers were free from the faults of their era, which are more or less conspicuous in all their contemporaries, although the learning, the genius, and the general ability which they exhibited within the bound of those principles and habits,

which were laws to them, and were sanctioned by the world, were amply sufficient to procure a lasting reputation for themselves, and an honourable pre-eminence for their country.

The establishment of this school of writers was the effect of society upon literature; the succeeding age furnishes us with a mighty reaction of literature upon society. The progress of metaphysical researches, and the corrupt state of taste, manners, and opinions, had given rise to a new class of philosophers in France, who took advantage of the general apathy and degeneracy, to strike at the foundations of religion, morals, and old associations, and to propagate the most dangerous doctrines of a nature diametrically opposite to these. The French were then in the lowest condition of intellectual and political slavery, and these men, by giving them impulses to which they were unaccustomed, and speculations which gratified their craving for novelty, by opening paths of inquiry of which the intricacy alone was a temptation to enter, and by administering to their national weaknesses, filled their minds with a poison that changed the constitution of society, and led to the tremendous revolution that subsequently agitated the whole of Europe. In subverting the

established principles of religion, philosophy, and government, all minor shrines shared in the destruction: but although much harm may have been done to society, from the free circulation of irreligion and sophistry, which could only be supported by the perversion of reason, and the substitution of false conclusions of argument, and glossed deception for truth; yet we cannot deny that from all this evil considerable good has been extracted. The mere necessity of defending the altar and the throne, aroused a zealous and animating spirit (most conspicuous in Britain) that rendered essential service to literature, as well as to religion and sound principle. To this we owe the chief writings of a Watson, a Horsley, and a Burke—all distinguished for strength of reasoning and elegance of style. But in a more comprehensive view of the subject, we shall discover incalculable benefits resulting from the new opinions themselves, after the ore had been purified from the dross, which had converted what was really valuable into a deadly poison. We shall perceive the influence of enlarged ideas in its operation on the choice of study and of models—in the abolition of the confined philosophy of the schools—in emancipation from arbitrary rules of taste and criticism—in the restoration of

poetry to its merited rank—and in the triumph of genius, imagination, and feeling, over affectation, empty trifling, and unmeaning verbiage. Wearied by a system that possessed no substantial qualities or intrinsic value to recommend it, and which had been farther deteriorated by the crowd of literary empirics that had practised it, the aspirants of a more auspicious age gladly seized on any subject for the exercise of their talents, more congenial to their enthusiasm and understandings than those which had employed their predecessors. The chains which had bound their minds being once broken, they pressed forward with all the ardour of enterprize to the untried shores which were opened to their view; and however the particular courses of individuals may have excited a conflict of critical opinions, it is certain that to the spirit of the times we are indebted for an extent of speculation, a liberality of thinking, that had not before been witnessed.

Of all the branches of literature affected by the change, poetry and those compositions more peculiarly dependant on the imaginative faculties of the mind have received the most sensible impression, and have exhibited an alteration of character, the more surprising when it is considered

how few years have passed away since the impulses that produced it were first set in motion.

The subjects of poetry in the early ages were of that exalted kind most fitting for the exercise of the noble powers it called forth. The actions of immortals and heroes—situations of grandeur and deep impressiveness—the varieties of the active and moral sublime—the operations of Nature, and the beauty of her aspect, kindled the imagination of the poet, and gave to his themes and language a character of elevation that seemed to command the world, and not to mingle in its petty cares and frivolities of speech and action. This was the proper end and employment of poetry; and if the age of our own Elizabeth, from difference of customs and speculative opinions, was inferior in sublimity, it was at least equally conspicuous for the unchecked range of originality and genius. Under Charles the Second, by the aid of licentious manners and French refinement, verse sunk into the mere vehicle of the frivolities of life—of common-place, and affected sentiments—of courtly wit—of odious profligacy, and contemptible trifling. The subject and the versification—the topics and the language were suited to each other. Degraded as were the former, the last was not less so by

rules of art, and the custom of moulding brief periods and straining them into rhyme. It is singular also, that what was commenced by the frivolity of one age, should be continued by the dulness of another. It is true, that in the succeeding reigns morals were improved, and so far poetry assumed a purer character, but the faults of style remained the same. Pope has been called the poet of society, and the term might be applied with equal truth to the great mass of his contemporaries. Their talents were employed in illustrating or ridiculing the manners of the day—in commemorating circumstances of temporary interest—in satires, epigrams, dialogues, and familiar epistles—in exchanging flatteries or abuse, and in clothing the natural feelings of the human heart with as much affectation and artificial ornament, as their persons were encumbered with ungraceful vestments and awkward finery. From this range, sublimity, imagination, and nature were excluded, and wit, precision of construction, and polished verse usurped their place, as the grand disiderata of composition. One of the finest exceptions to the system is Thomson's "*Seasons*," where the genius of the poet, unfettered by rhyme, and by unworthy topics, expands boldly into contemplations on the grandeur of

nature—on beautiful scenery—on amiable sympathies—and on the mind, feelings, and condition of man. Although, unquestionably tinctured with the prevailing errors, it is, altogether, an effort beyond the standard of his time. The philosophic poem of Young deserves a share of this commendation, but in a less degree, as its vigour is unequally supported, and its length occasions a tediousness that the subject will not bear. Pope's “Essay on Man” suffers much from the rhyme; the theme is too great to be versified; and to intersperse epigrammatic wit, as in an epilogue, is the very climax of bad taste.

Happily for the display of genius, and the value of literature, the poets of the present day are differently occupied. Forming a more just estimate of the power and dignity of their science, they are engaged in shadowing out sublime conceptions, and brilliant imaginations of things beyond the scope of ordinary observation—in descriptions of awful grandeur and luxuriant beauty—in deep inquiries concerning human actions, character, and passions—in exhibiting the emotions of the heart—in calling forth the generous sympathies of our nature, and removing us from the influence of every-day impressions, by tales of tragic woe, and pathos, and romance.

In this last is contained one of the greatest purposes of poetry. We require to be relieved from the business and the perplexities of life—from the dulness of ordinary occupation, or the fatigue of laborious study—and from the tendency which all these have to blunt the finer feelings of the soul, and to render it insensible to the most delightful intellectual pleasures. This relief we find in compositions that carry the mind out of the sphere of these depressing agents, and which teach us purer and more elevated feelings, while they delight us by situations of novel interest, of romantic character, of moral, or of natural beauty. It is in vain that we shall seek for these qualifications in works where the subject is allied to the very impressions we would escape from—where the sentiments and the fiction lose their interest from their entire artificialness, and where the language in which they are conveyed is mere measured prose, destitute of the fire and animation which can alone engage and satisfy the mind. To the excellent qualities already mentioned, the modern poets have added a strength and dignity of verse, and a commanding force of expression, corresponding with the character of the design, and imparting a glowing vivacity to their conceptions. Instead of verses “dragging their slow

length along" beneath the dead weight of common-place sentiments and spiritless phrases, we have lines that breathe the fire of the thought within, heightening the effect of the ideas by their splendour, and, dazzling as burnished gold, reflecting the light of the sun. To illustrate this, compare the narratives of Dryden and Lord Byron—the lagging carelessness and prosing dulness of the former, with the bounding spirit, the continuing force, and the expressive terseness of the latter. The one appears to be performing a disgusting task, the other to be enjoying a high and congenial pleasure. There are hundreds of lines in Dryden that would disgrace a schoolboy; and a great portion of the verse of his age is characterised by the same inattention and weakness, as if the primary object had been the acquisition of a rhyme at the end, for the sake of which, the strength and beauty of diction were neglected. We are now also no longer fatigued by the monotonous recurrence of hexameters on all occasions, whether grave or gay, important or otherwise; the modern poets having generally adapted their metre to the subject, and introduced a most agreeable and effective variety of verse. The greatest metrical change formerly was in the composition of the ode, which often,

however, dragging through its forms of epode, strophe, and antistrophe, was still artificial and restrained. It was not, what it assumed to be, an aspiration of powerful feeling that spurned the rules and modes of art; it was a formal mockery, and only another variety of compliance with a degraded taste. The productions of that time most conspicuous for freedom and nature are the odes of Gray and Collins, who, rejecting the slavish customs that deprived the ode of its proper rank and elegance, gave it a simplicity—a natural character and effect, which exhibited its inherent powers and value.

There is an important difference in the habits of the poets of the two periods, which unquestionably produces a great effect on their writings. Those of the former were chiefly resident in the capital—familiar with each other, and moving in the circle of the court. Dryden, Addison, Pope, Swift, Gay, Prior, and many others, were intimately connected with the nobility and persons in high official situations, which circumstance had a necessary tendency to confine their subjects to such as were most interesting to the fashionable world, and best harmonized with its pursuits,—as the topics of the day—wit—satire, and illustrations of society. Among other con-

sequences resulting from this we may trace the prevalence of satire, the more exalted kind of which has now nearly disappeared, but for which the habits and style of the past age were peculiarly adapted,—and of this ample proofs may be found in the writings of Pope, Swift, Dryden, and Young. Another evidence of the character of the period is the superiority of its comedy over its tragedy. Almost all the tragedies were failures. Tedious declamation and empty bombast supplied the place of natural force and dramatic effect. Genuine pathos and the fire of passion seemed to be unknown, and were wretchedly represented by affectation and rant. On the other hand, comedy was generally cultivated, understood, and admired. Its subject was within the range of the prevailing taste—its business was to transfer the manners of society to the stage, to sanction by imitation, or condemn by ridicule. To achieve this presented no difficulty, and the success was proportionate to the facility. The models of characters were continually before the writers—they lived among them—partook of their gaieties, and too often mingled in while they satirized their vices. Nothing was wanting but refinement: the licentiousness of Charles's reign still adhered to the stage, and disfigured its pro-

ductions; but when Sheridan afterwards combined the gaiety, vivacity, and polished ease, but excluded the profligacy of the style, he arrived at the perfection of English comedy. In the present day, from the operation of causes already mentioned, the balance is reversed—the taste for comedy is on the decline; and although the triumph of tragedy is rather a subject of anticipation than actual attainment, yet the spirit and disposition of the times are strongly in favour of its improvement and success. These social habits have also been instrumental in handing down to us the names of many who are suffered to degrade our collections of poetry, but who never would have maintained their places by the side of Milton, Thomson, and Pope, if they had not been familiar with men whose friendship gave a currency to their writings, and conferred upon them a distinction which otherwise they would never have acquired. The poets of our own time, generally speaking, are engaged in pursuits of a directly opposite nature. Some are dwelling in beautiful retreats, far from the bustle and influence of courts and cities, companioned only by their own imaginations and the scenery which inspires them—others are travelling in foreign lands, enriching their minds with the re-

collections of classic days, or with the luxuriance of Oriental imagery, while very few are either courtiers, or inclosed in the vortex of fashionable society. Thus their compositions chiefly indicate habits of retirement and contemplation, relating to the varieties of nature, or to situations of dramatic interest, accompanied by the charms of description, and by imagination combining the attractions of romantic sentiments and romantic scenery.

In narrative poetry an entire change has taken place; and the epic, which has been pronounced by critics to be the noblest species of verse, has fallen into disuse, and been succeeded by what is usually termed romantic poetry, from its character of unrestrained fiction. The main difference between the two is, that the former is a narrative of some great action, detailed with art and regularity to illustrate some important moral truth, constructed and governed by generally accepted rules—*involving a variety of circumstances, characters, and passions*—and from its nature and dignity, of considerable length and complexity,—while the romantic poem, less aspiring in its object, is more unrestrained in its execution, and possesses the advantage of calling in to its aid all the powers that poetry enjoys.

The imagination of the poet is free to digress and diversify at pleasure—to enliven by changes of metre, and to interest by various traits of pathos, sentiment, and fancy, which charm the reader, and arouse his feelings in a manner that the severe grandeur of the epic entirely forbids. The translations of the sublime poems of Homer and Virgil, by Pope and Dryden, materially contributed to inspire a taste for epic poetry; but the critical laws by which it is controlled, not only render it difficult of execution, whereby mechanical contrivance comes to be substituted for genius, but also artificial in its character, giving it a cold elevation of action and sentiment, too far removed from the feelings of man, and exciting no continuing interest in the mind. It was not to be expected that a style of composition so opposed to the regenerated temper of the times should maintain its reputation, and in the success of romantic poetry that temper is most clearly indicated. Stories of ancient times, and deeds of chivalry—all the shades of passion, from the gentlest to the most intense—tales of love, of sorrow, and of awe—powerful delineations of individual character, and minute details of auxiliary circumstances, form the subjects and the characteristics of modern narrative poetry.

By these have Byron, Scott, Moore, and Campbell acquired a celebrity to which they were justly entitled; not only for what is excellent in their several performances, but as masters of a style that has given birth to a new and bright era in British literature—communicated a fresh impulse and enlarged sphere to genius, and refined the taste and the sentiments of the people. Every pursuit will have its extreme: in the preceding age, verse sunk into mere art and affectation; in the present, it has often plunged into extravagance; but in an enlightened period, this error cannot be of long duration, and the good taste of the public has already done much towards its correction. Among other consequences resulting from the popularity of romantic poetry, the introduction of the fanciful style in architecture and landscape—gardening is not the least obvious. Castles and abbies—Gothic towers and Eastern minarets rise around us—an unromantic landscape is forced into the picturesque—and rocks, glens, and cataracts appear as so many records of the spirit that seeks to identify itself with the associations of wild sublimity, mountain liberty, and the primitive simplicity of nature. Immediately connected with this class of poetry, are those works of fiction usually

designated as novels and romances. In the former branch, the change has kept pace with the improving character of the age, and although it may have been degraded by the multiplicity of pretenders who have deluged the world with baneful trash, and contemptible absurdities that deserve no rank in literature, yet those which have emanated from writers of acknowledged talent have exhibited as many marks of genius and refined taste, as any other species of composition. Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett, were all men of undoubted ability, and faithful copyists of human nature, but their copies were made after bad originals; vice was often depicted with too much vivacity, and virtue with fatiguing dulness. Their wit and humour were admirable in their way, but they were in the corrupt taste of the time; and that has now given place to higher and less equivocal qualities. Our contemporary novelists, taking a wider scope, have called in to their assistance, history, poetry, and imagination; they have illustrated detached and obscure portions of history; they have combined the charms of animated description with the development of plot and character; they have delineated national manners and local scenery, and by all these they have better adapted the illusions of

fiction for the purpose of conveying useful truths and moral instruction. The peculiar features of the historic novel and the romance, are the creation of our own age; and the most skilfully conducted of these have not only given a variety and interest to the stores of fiction, but have elicited much valuable information, and by their fascinating form, have left a more distinct impression of facts and sentiments on the mind than would have been obtained from works of a less attractive character. The avidity for mere horror was a temporary extravagance, that has now greatly subsided, and of which there is little danger of revival. This species of writing also deserves our favourable notice, as having elicited and encouraged female talent to a very considerable extent, by which, not only has the world been benefited and delighted with the works of an Edgeworth, a Burney, a Radcliffe, a Hamilton, and a Porter, but these writers, and many more of various degrees of excellence, have gained a reputation and support, which in other branches of literature they could not have expected to find.

While comparing the lighter works of the two eras, a striking circumstance appears respecting the poetry and fiction generally of the former,

viz. that in all effusions relating to the passions—to love, sympathy, and pathos—wherever real and unsophisticated feeling is to be expressed—there is a palpable deficiency supplied only by affectation, strained metaphors, and phrases inanimate and artificial. The poetry of love was represented by the affected sighings of Delias and Strephons, calculated only to degrade a subject, favoured by the genius of all ages, and which possesses within itself the greatest metaphysical power over the imagination, but which French apathy and heartless frivolity had succeeded in bringing into contempt and ridicule. It is almost impossible that the authors of the amatory nonsense so abundant in the last century could have cherished any idea of genuine emotions and natural pathos, or at all understood the philosophy of the human heart—and there are but few compositions that claim exemption from the censure. Shaw's *Monody on the Death of his Wife* is one of the most celebrated of these; and knowing that his actual feelings at the time were most acute, we are enabled to appreciate and to distinguish his language from that of the polished mockeries of the age. The silly trifling of the Della Cruscan school may be considered as the expiring struggle of the race, since which

the unfettered genius and unaffected fervour of a Moore, a Byron, and a Scott, have restored the gentler passions to their proper rank, and united intensity of thought and warmth of feeling, with strength, beauty, and dignity of expression.

Leaving now the consideration of works of genius and imagination, let us advert to the progress of the other classes of literature, which, as connected with learning, reason, and method, are governed by different principles, and are less dependant on common causes than compositions of the order we have as yet discussed. That they also have shared in the revolutions of the time, and received the stamp of liberal opinions, with an emancipation from prejudices of style and reasoning, is unquestionable; but generally the effects have been more variable, and the improvement more equivocal.

The most obvious distinction between the writings of the old and new school is, the altered mode of reasoning adopted in the latter, and visible alike in works of history, philosophy, morals, and criticism.

In the former period, the principles and spirit of the Aristotelian logic were mostly adhered to by writers on these subjects—the characteristic effects of which are, closeness of reasoning, an

unwearied research into the truth of every part of a proposition, and a methodical arrangement of ideas and terms, usually divested of extraneous ornament, but clear, convincing, and precise. This will be best illustrated by reference to Locke and Tillotson, where the reader will find every subject of inquiry arranged with logical precision, examined with the most searching minuteness, and its deductions proved with such earnestness and care, that the mind becomes, at length, saturated with proofs, and fatigued by the labour of the argument. The change that subsequently took place in men's minds, and the constitution of society, weakened this attachment to the method of the schools; and the metaphysical writers having found that it actually circumscribed their inquiries—that the phenomena of the human mind could not be organized by arbitrary rule and system, it fell into disrepute, and gave place to a freer and more attractive mode of argument—more adapted for illustration and persuasion, and presenting greater facilities both to the writer and the reader. Nevertheless, in discarding the fetters and jargon of the Aristotelian logic, we have sacrificed much of its precision; for at the same time was introduced a love of ornament—a disposition to embellish—to

please—to surprise, and to summon imagination to the support of reasoning, from the abuse of which it is very difficult to guard. This has been improperly indulged in by our modern philosophers and critics, who prefer brilliancy, antithesis, and point, to patient deduction, and satisfactory conclusions derived from convincing argument. They are anxious to astonish rather than to convince—to confound where they cannot prove, and to dazzle where they cannot satisfy the understanding. Thus we may designate their writings as bold and free, but not accurate—ingenious, but not solid—brilliant, but not profound. This style is convenient for the purposes of sophistry, especially that which is intended to operate generally; and when we reflect what a mass of moral and political error was poured out during the French revolution, and how much was required to advocate its cause, it will not appear surprising that this kind of composition should have become popular, and that from its pleasing character, it should have superseded what was dry and severe, though substantial and just.

For historical composition, the last age was eminently distinguished, whether we refer to the style, the research, or the magnitude of the subject involved; of which the names of Hume,

Gibbon, Robertson, and Henry, are sufficient testimonials, besides whom, many more might be adduced as examples of patient investigation and perspicuous detail. That there are fewer works of this kind now published, is rather the consequence of preceding efforts, than of neglect of study or deterioration of talent; but in these, it may be observed that there is less attention paid to style than formerly, the historian being more interested in arranging facts and authorities than in polishing his language. Much of this arises also from a pernicious eagerness to publish, from which cause, materials are put together in a loose and hasty manner, and works are published in a few months, that in former times required the labour of years. There is yet a vast mine of Oriental history unexplored by the learned of our country. In this pursuit the French have hitherto kept the advantage; but there are noble exceptions and examples presented by Sir William Jones, and by Sir John Malcolm in his admirable *History of Persia*, which for learning, comprehensiveness, and elegance, merits the warmest praise.

One species of writing extremely successful in the last century, from the talents of those who practised it—the periodical moral essay—is now lost to us. There are, perhaps, no compositions

of that period more generally useful, or more unexceptionable in point of taste and style, than these Essays; distinguishing particularly, the Spectator, Tatler, Guardian, Rambler, and Citizen of the World. To have enjoyed regularly the free thoughts and interesting speculations of an Addison, a Johnson, a Steele, and a Goldsmith, was a valuable privilege, and it is much to be regretted that their places are not now supplied. This is, in a great degree, owing to the circumstances of the times, which present no encouragement for a man of literary eminence to apply his talents in this direction. Another reason is, that as an object of public interest, the science of morals has yielded to metaphysics. The popularity of the former was destroyed by the crowd of pretenders who, affecting to imitate the excellent writings just mentioned, fatigued their readers, and exhausted their partiality for the subject. At the same time, the philosophy of the human mind was liberating itself from the mystic obscurities and jargon of the schools, and came recommended to our notice by the elegant perspicuity of Reid, Stewart, and Home. The prevalence of this study has undoubtedly given a tone and character to the literature of the age, the metaphysical tendency of which is rather too

great and obvious. Metaphysics should be in the substance, not upon the surface; and they are frequently too visible in our poetry, our criticism, and our abstract disquisitions.

From these remarks we are led to consider the general effects of periodical literature, which so powerfully operates upon the character and knowledge of the present time. It is more than probable, that to this may be traced many of the peculiarities of our literary tastes and pursuits. That the multiplicity of periodical journals occasions certain great advantages and evils, is unquestionable. To the community at large they are the means of diffusing information on all subjects, and on this point their utility is unequivocal. The liberty of the press, and the increasing desire of knowledge, gave them a circulation that carries literature into every corner of the empire, and is constantly tending to equalise the intellectual distinctions of the people. They are also nurseries for unpatronised genius, and a medium for exchanging the individual acquirements of the learned. But on the other hand, they often paralyze the efforts of an author, by anticipating and injuring his subject. Thus a man is deterred from prosecuting a work of considerable length and labour, because, as

in some instances, the information is condensed in a Cyclopædia; or, as in others, because it has already been discussed in a variety of journals, with a rapidity that renders his single exertions useless and vain. A writer must be very certain, either that his own reputation or the nature of the subject he chooses will place him beyond the danger of anticipation, before he will venture upon a work of magnitude; and from this arises that avidity of publication, with its attendant evils, which is so injurious to real excellence. Political writing is now chiefly confined to the journals, whence the essays are necessarily crude and hasty from want of time and reflection. Few men possess the extraordinary powers and assiduity of Junius, and still fewer would devote their talents where they are sure of being ill-requited. The same observation will apply to literary journals, where men of eminence are reluctant to appear, because they may be degraded by the contiguity of some senseless trash, and because they are conscious that their labours are depreciated by their situation. Still it will be obvious, that the ill-effects of periodical literature are of little importance compared with the generally diffused good that it produces, as also that the evil influence operates only upon works of

reflection and research. Those of imagination are out of its sphere; and in briefly recapitulating the positions advanced on the character of the age, we may pronounce, without fear of contradiction, that it is one in which genius and imagination are most predominant, most popular, and most triumphant, whether as regards their external success, or their internal purity. The corrupt taste that preferred words to ideas, refinement to sublimity, and art to nature, is no more. Of compositions of reasoning and study, our ancestors may have grasped the subjects, and hewn out the foundations of our knowledge—their works may have been more laborious, their reasoning more precise,—but it was reserved for our time to make that knowledge of general utility, and to dispense it freed from error, prejudice, and obscurity. They may have collected the ingots, but it is we who have broken them into pieces, and with them enriched the world.

London, December 14, 1818.

THE END.

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